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# HOURS

## WITH JOHN DARBY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THINKERS AND THINKING," "ODD HOURS OF A PHYSICIAN,"  
ETC., ETC.

*James E. Garrison, M.D.*

---

"These things my heart, O Pyrrho, longs to hear,  
How you enjoy such ease of life and quiet,  
The only man as happy as a god."

"—— A man is not to bite his hand and afterwards blame his  
teeth for the hurt."

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TO

MRS. THOMAS WOOD,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY ITS AUTHOR,

WITH EXPRESSIONS OF REGARD AND ESTEEM.



## ARGUMENT.

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LYSIAS, a youth of refinement and education, has, as confidant and adviser, an old friend, John Darby. The younger being at that stage from which one steps into the great arena, it is the concern of the elder to endow him with experiences which have grown out of the successes and failures occurring in his own life. The talks held by the two as they stroll together through the woods, float in their boat upon the stream, or sit by the evening fireside, relate to these experiences.

The subject of women being frequently introduced, much discourse is held on the meaning of the passion of love : it is shown to be a bitter-sweet,—a something which, of all the associations of earth, comprises the most or contains the least. Home is discussed ; what it is ; what makes it ; what keeps it ; what is to go before it ; who may come into possession of it, and who may not.

Earnestly anxious for the good of his young friend, the old man propounds aphorisms and abounds in suggestions. There is a good deal of indulgence in philosophic reflections, but it is aimed to divest this of any appearance of pedantry, and to apply the lessons to the every-day details of life and living.

It is endeavored to be impressed that success arises out of knowing and heeding ; that biters get bitten ; that wisdom is, of all things, the most useful, and prudence the most profitable ; that good and evil are not to be looked on as things in themselves, but as things existing alone in relations ; that while man is to recognize that he is indebted to God for all blessings, yet the meaning of Providence is to be understood as lying strictly

within one's self; that one is to lean on his own staff. It is denied that there is such a thing in the world as death.

Here and there—confined, however, principally to the first few conversations—references, more or less foreign to the matter of immediate discourse, are to be found interpolated, and soliloquies are indulged in, which, on first impression, expose the mentor to criticism on the scores of disjointed speaking and literary incongruity; but on looking at the matter with ordinary closeness, a warrant for this is seen to lie in the object, which is to drop seeds of thought (wherever a place may be found in which to plant one) rather than point morals.

Finally, there is considered that mutation which, sooner or later, breaks up all families. Husband and wife are separated; the mentor offers to his pupil the consolations of philosophy, and demonstrates to him that the change from a bridal chamber to a coffin is of precisely similar import to the burial of the caterpillar in its cocoon; that coffins and cocoons are alike symbols of immortality, that from either come beautiful flying things.



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I.

CONCERNING A WIFE.

A WIFE, thou sayest.  
And what for, my Lysias?

Thou wouldst hear discourse thereon.

And so thou shalt; for of all matters concerning which experience may speak to the edifying of inexperience; of things which pertain most to comfort or discomfort; of relations which affiliate or which antagonize; of joys which expand or which sodden; nothing—of all the associations of earth—is there, which may comprise so much, or contain so little, as is embraced in the meaning of that one word—Wife.

A wife commences in dreams; not of flesh and blood, but a divine phantom is that which flits about and which touches the young heart—the phantom is it of the rose—of the zephyr sighing for a something it wants—the phantom of the blushing cheek, of tell-tale lips, ripe, and pouting complaints of the unsipped lusciousness living in them. No face is seen by Youth as it is in reality. Over all, over everything, is the sheen. The

breath of Love is ever that perfume which to the lover is sweetest. The glance of a love-lit eye, comes it from blue, black, or gray, is as the glory which falls at moments on mountain-tops, making bleak rocks golden. Look where Youth will, there is the divine thing—there is the sheen; each wavelet reflects it, each haze-wrapped cloudlet bears it; the earth, the sky, the waters, are full of it; brooks sing its song, winds are its wings; even seas, which engulf and destroy, are seen as tribute-bearers to its heroism. Oh, thing divine—thing divine!

—And poetry is a tribute-bearer; for who, save in rounded periods, and in the languid diminuendoes of scales, and of well-matched words, may find language fit for the telling of dreams apart from which there is nothing?—Ah! beautiful world of Love! the senses drunken, the appetite taking to its nourishment only the lotus—Eden.

—Only the rustle of a robe—her robe! Yet is a heart set palpitating, and speech, a moment back loud and vaunting, is now become confused and faltering. shades red and pale fly at random, and limbs strong and lusty have fallen into weakness.

—The whisper of a bride—a word so low spoken that but one ear in all the wide world may catch the meaning. Yet is there music in the tone apart from which harmony has no chords but have become unstrung and tuneless; other sounds concern not, but are as things dead or meaningless. The black humors of life have been dispelled by that whisper—earth has drawn somewhat nearer heaven.

A wife, thou sayest.

There are, my Lysias, women who are such fools and

idiots, that by some unwonted blunder on the part of nature they would seem to have grown into life naught else than animated blocks. . . . Yet—yet, on the other hand, are there a multitude so exquisite, so finely attuned, so over-full of the delicious, so enticing, so alluring, so all-satisfying, that kings and philosophers who bow down before them, who give crown and brains to them, who forget in their praise all other worship, who build altars to them, who live all of life in their presence and who die all of death in their absence—ah ! my scholar, he alone that knew not. Servilla blames Cæsar.

A woman, Lysias, may be as the burr and thistle, which, a moment back, thou wouldst have lifted from the wayside had I not warned thee. She may be of a nature to hold fast by a husband, but the closer she sticks the more shall she worry and wound him. A woman, on the contrary, may be like unto a bath redolent of perfumes, not only purifying and cleansing him who comes to her freshness, but so recreating his senses, so stimulating with a modestly-tempered coolness, so exhilarating, and so intoxicating with the sweet things which live in her, that well may the lover let go under mouth and nostrils, deeming it happiness enough that such waters may drown and forever keep him. Ah, Lysias, but that the lover might so drown himself, and stay drowned ! Say we thus ? Let us not arrive at conclusions that are unwise. What is the peace of Age to the passion of Youth ? What are cool bowers to heated furnaces ? Tell us, Sophocles. How do you feel about Love ? And what answers the Boet ? “ Hush, if you please : to my great delight, I have escaped from it, and feel as if I had escaped from a frantic and

savage master." And what adds Cephalus? "Sophocles," he says, "speaks well, for unquestionably, when the appetites have abated, and their force is diminished, then is age; and age brings us profound repose and freedom."

—And who is that wise man who has persisted in defining Beauty as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last—which makes Youth dissolute and puts old men out of countenance—yet who, likewise must add, "that if it light well, it maketh virtue shine and vices blush"?\*

But beauty in woman is not so much of face and of form as of motive and action. She is wise who makes herself to look well, but she is wiser who acts well. It is ill advised in a woman to go without adornments, for dress is to a woman what feathers are to the bird, and that bird which bears brightest plumage affords most pleasure by the beauty it carries. But a bird brought to the cage tires quickly enough if feathers alone are the charm; there should be voice, and movement, and winsome ways, and these, rather than the coloring, are what should be the attractions; for a winsome woman does so delight her husband that never does it come to him to see that little by little the plumage is changing—as change it must that it may keep in accord with advancing years.

It is to be commended that a wife be able to oppose Latin with French, metaphysics with witty apothegms, melancholy with sprightliness, complainings with music,—and that she spend gracefully and appropriately what the husband shall earn manfully and sufficiently.

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\* Lord Bacon.

A wife is not over-wisely made too much into a toy and a plaything, but heaven alone may preserve the nobility of that man who makes of her over-much a partner and helpmate. It is not in physics that a woman toil, it is not in metaphysics that a man sacrifice fine metal to mean purpose. Let pots be made of brass, but that which is to lift to the nostrils the fragrant bouquet, let it be coined from gold.

—By which is meant, that the education and the habits of a wife should so differ from the pursuits of the husband, that, as she finds in his strength and solidity that in which she is, and should be, lacking, so, in compensation, the charms, the sprightliness, the sweet witcheries of life are to be found most abundantly in her.—A natural law is it, not to be disputed, neither argued away; that man is the *House-band*.—Woman would seem to be meant as a charming bow to the band, without which a band may be only a dull wrapping held by a knot.

A law of nature is it that a weak thing supports a stronger only at the expense of that which is the charm and beauty of the fragile. See a tree broken and fallen over, being kept from the ground by an intervening vine; the vine is between the tree and the ground, true, but how sore pressed it looks—and is! How matted and tangled and bruised are the tendrils, how lost are the charms of the clinging and the twining!

A man—a well man—weak, and supported; and a woman strong, and supporting, are among the most unnatural of the anomalies of nature,—hermaphrodites so universally repulsive that, with a common voice, all things cry out against the sorry relation. It is for a

rock to bear up moss ; it is for a wall to hold peach-boughs, which, in return, cover the dull face with charms that artists pause before and carry away in copies. It is for a steeple to lift heavenward the gilded delicate vane which is the ornament and finish of the pile. But a man—a great, strong man—leaning against a weak and delicate woman—faugh ! the stones by the wayside might blush.

Expect a woman to play the parts both of wife and man ; expect complacency and soft greetings where are encountered only grumblings and hard knocks ; expect the pressure of velvet-like hands where scarf-skin is thickened and made horny by contact with pans and kettles ; expect the breath of roses where are fed only onions ; expect a tired, over-worked, man-crushed woman to vie with the beauty that surrounds, and then to grow into a disgust for her because her face looks weary and her limbs deny the graces of the dance—faugh ! you poor brute of an apology, rather ask yourself if even you are worthy of the hack into which you have converted your gazelle.

—By which is not meant that a woman, parasite-like, is to take everything, giving back nothing. Gives the air nothing to him who fans it ? gives the flower nothing to him who tends and waters it ? gives the grand poem nothing to him who, through weary hours, regardless of the toil which is carrying with it the color of his cheek, ponders over it, making it his own ? It is to be told thee, my Lysias, that a wife gives most when, to one dull and unobservant, she may seem to be giving least ; for is not that which affords to a man energy, life, and the desire to do battle with his needs



and necessities, giving in its fulness? and come not such gifts from a beloved one? Who that loves but is made eager to place himself between his object and that which threatens it? Who that loves but is made strong and manly through his passion?

—And he who is not thus made strong is not a lover, and the bride is to be pitied. Such a man shall never come to distinguish between diamond and paste; and when, in marriage, he commences the destruction of the beautiful thing which has come to him, he inaugurates a crime which his whole future life will show to be unpardonable, for his sin will be found to cover him with confusion, with penury, and with shame; or, if it be that the vine, in its weak way, shall keep him from falling to the earth, then is it that he must find even in greater fulness the wretchedness of a position which continues on exhibition his degradation and utter unworthiness.

A secret, my Lysias, I breathe into thy ear: *He who would possess an angel may himself make one.*

How? thou askest.

Through praise.—Tell a wife twenty times a day that she is an angel; be surprised that thou seest not wings; and not more surely in the grafting is the quince made to bear pears, than shall thy plant be brought to bring thee heavenly fruit.

—Praise, do we call it? scarcely this is it; give title where title belongs; call her an angel who is one, that, being constantly reminded of her high nature, she descend not to mean things.

A wife!

Like unto rings found in the ears of women—see these I show thee, Lysias: outside,—paraded to the world,—jewels; inside,—hollowness, emptiness, nothingness.

—An angel may be a fallen one, and women assuredly there are who are not so good as that which belongs to their first estate; shrews, vixens, and pestilence-breeders, who do create about them an atmosphere so sulphurous, that for breathing purposes one may not expect to find worse in the pit itself.—The house-top, even on a stormy night, is better than the luxurious chamber in which blusters and scolds a vixen.

—Neither is it well for a lover that a wife be found too tame, for tameness is insipidity, and insipidity has nought of invitation in it; even the blood-firing Verzenay is without enticement if it sparkle not.

Yet let it be well seen to, my scholar, when the wife comes to thee, that, careless of thy good, thou lose not of thine own fault the sparkle; for surely is it the case, as has been found in the experience of all indifferent lovers, that a neglected wife may not of her nature retain the bead any more than may neglected wine; and so, women and wine being in such respect alike, he is not to complain who, of his own indiscretion, loses the one or the other.

But the vixen, thou sayest, the born vixen, incurable, unimpressible.

Pitiable owner of such a monstrosity! Let her be driven to a nunnery, my scholar; and let it be a strong place, built of heavy stone; or, still better, speed her to the devil, that thus the more quickly she may get with her kind, for strongly does it come to me to believe

that a vixen is not a real woman,—body and soul,—but a wandering fiend, who, going up and down in the earth, has dispossessed of its tabernacle some beauteous one, and thus plays her part of a she-Mephistopheles. I would also add the whisper in thy ear that a wise man gets clear of a devil as best he may, and as quickly as he can.

About the angels?

Well suggested, Lysias. An angel wife is a possession so sweet, so rapturous, so full of all wealth, so overflowing with all good, that he is utterly void of wisdom who searches not the world over but that he find such treasure. Is a man ugly? in the reflection he sees himself beautified. Is he an unfortunate? her consolations enrich him. Is he a castaway? in her passion he finds himself lifted up. Ah, my scholar, who but the husband may know of a thousand nameless charms, charms so potent that all atmospheres, save that which surrounds the beloved one, are as dreary fogs and depressing vapors—are as emptiness when compared with fulness? -

An angel!

It is, that as lions' whelps are few, so are vixens scarce. She that has bitten not, let her not be esteemed to have fangs. See the angel of Antheros: tall, not too tall; slender, not too slender; delicate, not too delicate; teeth even, and white, and of such symmetry that the very light seems to enjoy its constant play among them; forehead low, not too low; hair golden, sun-glimpses playing forever at hide-and-seek with two tresses found kissing and toying eternally with the alabaster neck; a chin of tender size; and eyes—eyes, my Lysias, that,

as I have seen them a hundred times, glisten, and glow, and grow suffused with rapturous tears as mirth or sentiment comes to them. And then her nature—ah, my good scholar, dream thou a dream of a something all softness, like unto the dove, like unto melody, like unto the zephyrs of summer nights, like unto the beauty which poets catch and imprison in their verses, like unto the tints which come to artists in moments of inspiration; and in such a dream imagine, for no words may describe, her whose name signifies—but perhaps the signification is to *Antheros* alone.

And whence come such charms, thou askest.

Ah, *Lysias*, thou questionest from not having learned the secret of love—find in a single couplet the text thou art to understand :

“Love flings a halo round the dear one’s head,  
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die;”

—for who shall love but that he values, and who value but that he takes care?—Takes care. Heed a lesson, my *Lysias*. There be husbands many, very many, who so continuously keep themselves begrimed and defiled with filthy defects in morals and manners, that from their blackness a shadow falls upon all from whom they may shut out the sunshine; and what plant, howsoever beautiful,—be it wife or flower,—but withers and grows pale if it have for sustenance naught but shadow? May a bloom show itself to night? is fragrance to be perceived when the winds of the tornado bow the rose? A most sensitive flame is that which burns in the eye of a wife; more delicate than the velvet of the soft peach is the ripened love which plays

its mad pranks from pouting lips—it paints the lips, it pours nectar over them, it deluges them with perfumes, it breathes from them music of such utterance that senses become steeped and lost in Lethe—and yet—yet, even as the bloom of the fruit is marred by so little a matter as a rude touch, so love may be unsettled and put to flight by a vulgar word or an unguarded action.

Handle a wife, when she come to thee, as a jewel is handled ; keep her in soft places, that the gloss be not injured ; hold her at length of arm, that the gleam may enter thy heart ; wear her upon thy bosom, that thereby thou shalt thyself be made beautiful ; gloat over thy possession in secret, because that a something so priceless belongs to thee.

Men I have seen, my scholar, who use wives as coals are used—burn them for purposes of heat, for purposes of cookery—burn all the life out of them ; and even at last, when the hearth-place holds alone dead ashes, these are economized that paths may be made for base feet to walk over wet places dry-shod.

—And what is to come from burned coals but ashes ? and from scattered embers what but a dead pathway ?—a pathway that leads never to possessions in Spain !

Possessions in Spain ! Woods and running streams, castles, firesides, and a charming “Prue” for the arm-chair lacking an occupant—never to lead to these.

A dreamer dreaming dreams of home joys—joys which are or which are not to be his. Ah ! pleasing, yet too often seductive stories read in the pages of a glowing grate ; some story of quiet loving days and

peaceful nights, some other one of a Lizzie or Mary or Letitia who is to make from a small income plenty through frugality and management. A cottage led to by a lane arboresced with apple-blossoms; the soothing murmur of some streamlet which all night is to sing its song as it runs among the rocks at the foot of a garden; window-curtains formed of fragrant jasmine whose roots keep themselves warm in winter by living beneath a quaint porch; some story of a love all our own, a story of dreams dreamed together—of daffodils and violets in spring-time—a story of a glowing hearth burning brighter and brighter through many, many winters, to go out only in the dark December of a life-year so distant, so very distant, that we trouble ourself nothing at all about it.

No Titbottom's spectacles.\*

Angels, nymphs, or at least women,—ah! those truth-telling spectacles; not even women, but only broomsticks, mops, or kettles hurrying about, rattling and tinkling in a state of shrill activity. Good Easy-Chair, is it that SHE, the statue of perfect form, of flowing movements, was found by thee no warmer or softer than marble—than ice? And it was true sadness, was it, to find that so many, being without spectacles, “thought the iron rod to be flexible, and the ice statue warm; to see so many a gallant heart, which seemed brave and loyal as the crusaders, pursuing through days and nights, and a long life of devotion, the hope of lighting at least a smile in the cold eyes, if not a fire in the icy heart—to see the earnest, enthusiastic sacrifice, the

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\* Prue and I.—Curtis.

pure resolve, the generous faith, the fine scorn of doubt, the impatience of suspicion, to watch the grace, the ardor, the glory of devotion, to see the noblest heart renouncing all other hope, all other ambition, all other life, than the possible love of some one of these statues"—terrible, was it, "that they had no heart to give, the face polished and smooth because there was no sorrow in the heart,—and drearily, often, no heart to be touched"?

Who shall be found able to bear the disappointment of a broken dream? glowing, blazing, life-giving coals all come to ashes; the elegant "Aurelia," who has given the enjoyment "of the gloss of silk, the delicacy of lace, the glitter of jewels," found to be only "a peacock's feather, flounced, and furbelowed, and fluttering;" or "an iron rod, thin, sharp, and hard;" the "movement of the drapery" by no possibility to be mistaken "for any flexibility of the thing draped."

A wife, and a fireside.

—An easy-chair opposite your own, and a little foot that poises its pretty self on the head of the fire-dog. And she who sits in the easy-chair yours for life, yours for better or for worse,—for weal or for woe. You talk to her about your dreams, your aspirations, your prospects. Will she deny herself affluence that you may pursue your work? Will she grow philosophical with you and smile at the giddy passers running their useless chases after will-o'-the-wisps? Will she hum sweet tunes which you shall weave into words for the clothing and the ornamenting of your thoughts?—Or, will the foot beat a testy tattoo? Will the voice hum no inspiring airs, but the rather rain into your ears such showers of complaint and repining and querulous



worryings that naught shall remain but to fly hope and dreams and love, all in a run that shall carry you far, away far from your land of promise out into a sea which you had trusted never to sail upon?

A terrible mistake indeed is that which discovers not in the stolen robes the imposture of the wolf; truly shall it be found that a wolf snarls and growls and eats away a man's heart—what may one do but give up, save that he fight, fight on, fight forever—a hopeless battle?

—Or, a wife may be without mind of her own, unstable as water is changeable; the waif of circumstances; admiring a husband where others praise him; doubting and indifferent where others find fault—never constant either for good or for evil. It is a life of unrest indeed that a man leads with himself, when only a thing so frail has he to comfort him.

Antheros is a censor of books, and a most variable one, sending at times shafts which bring great drops from the weary, hopeless hearts of unsuccessful authors—pouring at other times balm and praise which gloss over and conceal a multitude of faults. A critic of much judgment is Antheros pronounced to be; yet a pity is it that he who has his book condemned should not have consolation in knowing that the tenor of what is said comes not truly from the brain of the fault-finder, but rather from the fingers of her who sits at the piano in the room which adjoins the library. A truth it is, that the critic catches and imprisons in his lines the harmony of a melody which at times entrances and enraptures, and which might well convert wormwood itself into honey; and so it comes that even he who



has written ill may find himself praised because of the caught melody which unconsciously Antheros has imprisoned in what he indites under the delicious inspiration. So again it may happen that the fingers shall strike the notes with less emotion, or the song may be melancholy. And now, though thought was found ocean deep, or strain Homeric, yet has Antheros no emotion, no sprightliness, no kind word ; nothing but carping, scathing condemnation.—Yet it is not Antheros who condemns, but the unconscious fingers in the drawing-room.

—All notes may not be glad notes, all songs may not be sprightly songs ; fingers at times will become weary, as, alas ! in time they must lose their cunning and grow cold and pulseless. A sad knowledge is it that she who occupies the other easy-chair—be she as the bride of Antheros—must some time or other be parted from,—she will go,—go away, never to come back,—and all that shall be left behind will be the memory of a harmony that was. Ah ! how then will be longed for the broken notes,—alas ! melancholy in truth will it then be.—No dainty foot to tease the fire-dog ; no ear into which to pour stories not to find a listener elsewhere,—the bright fire, ashes indeed, and nothing left wherewith to renew the glow : desire itself buried in the coffin upon which rest heavy earth-clods.

A coffin.

A coffin, and a wife.

Bring now to your support that philosophy which is to buoy over a thousand trials—alas ! what a bundle of weak reeds ! how one and all bend and break under the weight you rest upon them ! Shall the philosopher

philosophize, and a dead wife—his wife—lying cold, and stark, and pulseless, in her grave?—Never, alas! never, unless indeed it be that his own heart is also dead and buried; resting in a common grave with the other.—It is to philosophize when die other men's wives,—and when are buried other men's hopes.

A flat denial, thou sayest, of all that a philosopher should affirm, and for what he should contend.

Another whisper in thy ear, my scholar! With the memories of divine strains poured even into my own soul by the poetry-compelling fingers of the wife of Antheros, there has passed before my eyes the vision of a coffin, and in it a pale cold face, which has brought ice to my heart, and which does so environ me with a sense of the nothingness that may come,—that may some time come,—alas! that will come, either to husband or to wife,—that senses grow dull, and even imagination, cowering, thinks not where else consolation exists, if it be not like unto the fraction of warmth found sometimes among ashes even when the glow of the coals has long departed.

\* \* \* \* \* Let us pause, Lysias, that, stretching ourselves full length in these easy-chairs which so bountifully give comfortable support to us, we may look into the full grate wherein the coals are as glowing, thank God, as ever it has been our lot to behold them, and while, without, rages a winter's storm, and fitfully and threateningly the cold rain dashes against the window-panes,—yet,—more thanks to God,—no coffin has, as yet, crossed the office-door by which run the steps passing to the chamber,—to her chamber,—never has there been lack of coals wherewith to keep the grate aglow,

—there are yet no memories laden with sadness.—Let us dream on, my scholar ; for us there is in the world neither death nor regret.

A wife.

Think, Lysias, that the cozy office wherein we sit is all thine own. Now will it take little imagination that thy dull teacher shall be made to vanish, and that his place be occupied by one whose eyes are dreams themselves,—sweet dreams, soft dreams, dreams in which are to be felt the tinklings of heart-music ; dreams so full of light, and heat, and flame, that the grate falls poor and dull in the comparison. The foot on the head of the fire-dog is not thine own foot, yet it belongs to thee,—and what a pretty, dainty foot it is ! it is not the skill of the maker, but the rich arch of the instep, the delicate contour of the ankle, which renders the gaiter, with its strapped lacings, the jauntiest thing thou hast ever beheld ; and with what a grace falls the hem of the velvet skirt about the base of the fender ! —look not up too hastily, for a pair of lips which are as blooming carnations are pouting at the passivity which keeps the easy-chairs so far apart. Ah, Lysias, thou dog, thou enviable dog, push close, deny not the arm which longs to steal around the tempting neck, —kiss the blushes from the lips.—Ah ! youth ; beautiful youth. Who, if he were not a philosopher, but would be Lysias ?

But the vision is gone. Back in the easy-chair is the Mentor. A wife, a real wife, is not, however, a vision, —may not be treated as a vision ; even easy-chairs require the attention of the upholsterer, and glowing

grates may not be kept blazing from the mines even of the most fervent imagination. Alas that it is the case that coal-seams alone produce coals, and that from such dreary places as yards fenced off in back streets it is that the grate must be supplied !

—And a grate having no fresh coals with which to replace dying embers becomes as cheerless as when, full and blazing, it is cheerful : also it comes to be seen that the divine “Aurelia” is mortal, for she too can change from cheerful to cheerless, and thus, a glowing grate fireless, the easy-chairs, having no longer a common point of attraction, become repellant of each other, and little by little get farther and farther separated.

Even so vulgar a thing as a table for eating purposes is not to be left unconsidered, for while it might only be that “Aurelia” shall blush and stammer at the admission, yet no chisel of Praxiteles is more subservient to the purposes of beauty than is the dull knife here used.

A cage first, and the bird afterwards.

But may not a cageless bride be as happy as a cageless bird ?

Listen, Lysias, how the storm which has increased in its violence now howls, and groans, and shakes with its cold fingers the shutters of our room. What would a bird do in such a whirl of hail and water and slush ? How quickly bedraggled would become the jaunty shoe and the velvet train of “Aurelia” ! The birds have fled before the storm, and to-night are snug nestled away among orange-groves,—what else than flight might save the daintiness of the bride—she whose train is not

less delicate than the feathers of the bird,—she whose breath is as the odor of apple-blossoms?

A home is not a place, however, which is made such merely by the bringing together of glowing grates, easy-chairs, crimson curtains, and luxurious couches; more, much more, must there be of commodities which the upholsterer is not found able to furnish; there must be tact, and taste, and good humor, and judgment; there must be bearing and forbearing, contentment and satisfaction; and more to the furnishing do these latter things conduce, than do the former,—necessary as they are.

—There must be knowledge; for, alas! alas!—shall we emphasize the ugly admission?—the fire, and the passion, and the ecstasy of manly youth will, little by little, burn lower and lower in the grate of life.—And dimples, charming dimples, which common men admire, and which poets rave over,—these will lengthen and grow into wrinkles; the arched and jaunty foot will lose its elasticity; the tresses, sun-courted, will deny the curl and the wavy grace; admiring coteries shall no longer turn to catch of the grace of the divine one; and thou, even thou thyself, wilt, in nature's law, turn aside,—yet loving not less Aurelia,—for it will come to thee, as it comes to all other men, to be compelled to learn that “billing and cooing” may not constitute the whole of existence.

Give heed, Lysias; a man has much to learn before he may wisely take a wife to his home,—and much after. Comfort, success, and happiness come of knowing—and of doing.

## II.

### CONCERNING THINGS TO BE KNOWN.

"These things my heart, O Pyrrho, longs to hear ;  
How you enjoy such ease of life and quiet,  
The only man as happy as a god."

WHO and what we are. That is the knowledge which is to take precedence. Before a wife is the learning how to take care of one,—is to learn how to take care of one's self.

Everywhere over the earth are to-day found growing side by side the golden pomegranates of the Hesperides and the apples of the Dead Sea,—to-day, as of yore, the flesh of the one is life, that of the other is choking dust. Streams unlike, streams of nectar, streams of quassia-water, flow everywhere over a common plain,—a man may drink of sweet or of bitter as he elects.

—But who, my Lysias, is to distinguish between the pomegranate and the dust-apple, between the nectar-streams and the quassia-water, save him that has knowledge?

Heed, Lysias; of all qualities pertaining to man, "wisdom is the most useful and prudence is the most profitable:" Aristotle it is who has affirmed this; and of all the men produced by the world no single one might more worthily propound an aphorism which others should heed. Wisdom outmeasures ignorance even as a greater circle encloses and contains that which is less; prudence takes care of a man even though folly shoot all her shafts at the heel Achilles.

Portly of soul is Philocles, and full is he of the experiences of travel, observation, and reason; and what teaches the poet? "O mortals! ignorant and unworthy of your destiny; instead of cherishing the sacred fire, . . . instead of drawing closer and closer the ties which unite you with the gods, ye suffer frivolous discussions and mean interests to damp the flame; *ye suffer near you little things which thus conceal from you greater which are beyond.*"

It is only through wisdom that one may come to any proper judgment. What an ignorant and pitiable man was that who, when Thales inveighed against the pains people take to themselves in order to grow rich, likened the philosopher to the fox which found fault with that it could not obtain! and what a meaning rebuke was it, when the sage, gathering together his learning and capacity, and condescending for a season to the faultier's own trade, did, in a single year, gain from it more of money than had the other in a long lifetime!

It was in words of some like meaning with these that the Stagirite addressed the son of Apollodorus. All modes of life, he said, and all the actions of men have

in view a particular end, this end being happiness. It is not in the end, however, that is proposed, but in the choice of means, that men deceive themselves. How often do honor, riches, and beauty prove more hurtful than useful ! How often has experience shown that disease and poverty are not in themselves injurious ! Thus from the idea we form of good and evil, as much as from the inconstancy of our will, we almost always act without knowing what it is we ought most to desire, or what we ought most to dread. To separate real from apparent good is the object of morality, which, unfortunately, does not proceed, like the sciences, limited to theory. If we wish our decisions to be just and wise, let us consider our feelings, and acquire a just idea of our passions, virtues, and vices.

We, then, who desire to be partakers of the fruit of the Hesperides, pause at the outstart, to consider and to get understanding of things relevant to such beginning ; that is, it would appear, that to get understanding of life, one may commence never more wisely than in comprehending of the circumstances by which he finds himself environed ; for to learn of things and relations which, from their nearness, the most conspicuously concern a man, is surely to become familiar with the laws of his well-being,—is to come to an apprehension of what does the most intimately and importantly pertain to good.

Here, and hereafter ?

Here, and hereafter, Lysias ; for he who lives well to-day lays up store necessarily for the morrow ; he who lives in the experiences of his time acts in the clearest light that exists for his guidance.



A wise saying was it, that of Montaigne's, "that all knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and goodness;" it is that he who would grow the fruits of learning should possess a good soil in which to plant the seed. "Odi homines ignava opera, philosophica sententia," says the Gascon: I hate men who talk like philosophers, but do nothing. And still another of the sayings of this great man was it, "that philosophy must do harm to him who has not mind to comprehend its exaltation."

It is the philosopher who is the practical man; it is the fool who calls himself so. It is the observing and wide-seeing who are slow with words of censure; it is ignorant and silly men who glory in the possession of prejudices. Quite enough for a man is it that he look to his own offertory, judging not too hastily that of his neighbor. In the treasury of the inhabitants of Acanthus they showed some iron obelisks presented by one of ill repute. "Is it possible," exclaimed Anacharsis, on beholding these, "that such offerings could have been acceptable to Apollo?" "Stranger," replied a Greek, who was likewise a spectator, "were the hands that raised these trophies more pure? You have just read on the gates of the Asylum, *The inhabitants of Acanthus conquerors of the Athenians*; and elsewhere, *The Athenians conquerors of the Corinthians*; *The Phocians of the Thessalonians*, etc. These inscriptions were written in the blood of a million Greeks. The god is surrounded only with monuments of our folly and madness, and you are astonished that his priests should accept the offerings of Rhodope."\*

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\* Travels of Anacharsis.

It is to be understood that in order to live grandly, one is to act grandly ; it is that one hold himself aloof from the little things of little people.—Of a first importance is it that a nobleman live in the custom of his peers. Shall the measurer by inches, the weigher by ounces, the vendor by potions, scatter, with a penny policy, aspirations which would girdle a world, balance destiny, or find medicine for immortal longings? Let it impress thee, Lysias, in the very beginning, that the bane of true and great living is respectability,—the respectability of the shopman,—the respectability of the physician who sacrifices never his dignity or his manners to the invitations which are borne to him on every breeze, which go out with every molecule ; which cry, Here are ladders leading to God,—whom to know is to be rich indeed,—whom to know is to be enviable indeed. Take to thyself, my scholar, consciousness of the nothingness of a respectability which has its signification alone in the estimation of ignorant men. Is one to crawl forever a worm over the earth because that they grovel who have never developed the wings folded in rudiment beneath the scapulæ of every mortal? Is one to refuse the cup of the gods because that his fellows, knowing nothing of the delectable draught, insist on the waters of the ditch?

What shall compensate for a life sacrificed to the respectable? A beggar singing his song amid the rocky fastnesses of Chios was the author of the Iliad ; immortal as the gods, himself a demi-god, is Homer. What too of Euripides, him who dared rebuke an Archelaus, because that a king could do nothing that a wise man feared? What lost such a one in the ab-

sence of the purple? What a rich life was here; a Macedon to build his tomb, an Athens to rear his cenotaph,—that after a thousand years they of Salamis should delight to point out the grotto in which he wrote; they of Piræus pronounce in transport his name. “Three days,” said the poet, “have I spent in making three verses.” “And I,” retorted an adversary, “could in that time have written a hundred.” “Yes, yes, I believe it,” replied Euripides, “but they would have lived only three days.” And what a three days’ life; what a three days’ existence; what a penury; what a littleness of conception lived in the braggart!

Richer than gold is wisdom; brighter than silver is knowledge. It is for the scholar—howsoever poor in purse—to be thankful that the greatest portion of his brain has been placed in his skull and not in his solar ganglion. What a sight is that little man whose protuberant stomach it seems the sole office of his body to carry,—that little man who cackles and giggles his little jokes about the scholars, seeing or understanding never what a sad fool he makes of himself! And what a multitude of these Stomachs little heads and little legs are carrying about the earth,—and, alas! unfortunates, these may come to no instruction; for the avenues of the senses lead to the encephalon, and not to the abdomen.

—And yet, as stomachs are of greater bulk than brains, so also are they found endowed with a wider self-sufficiency. Has not a stomach opinions? Has it not expression? Is it not of all things the most respectable—in its own estimation? A sad pity is it that, when closely inquired into, it is seen to be nothing better than a provision-bag.

The bane of true living is the respectability of the Stomachs,—a dead weight is it holding to his centre of beef and wine the mortal whose tangent it controls. Substantial is he, say the Digesters, as the cares and anxieties are found increased ; as story after story is piled upon the foundation of his house ; as hour after hour is consumed in work,—as a cloth of gold is seen in weaving for the covering of the deal boards of the coffin in which he is to rot.

Wisdom beholdeth the end from the beginning, and, considering all things, provideth for all. Wisdom supplieth wants, but maketh them not ; taketh precaution against emergencies, but runneth not into troubles of her own creating.

—Yet even is it that wisdom may become sun-dazzled. Learned is Timotheus, yet looking too long on the golden face of the noon's orb he is now found to be blind, and his friends behold him in pity as they watch him fill his purse with coins of copper, deeming these to be pieces of the precious metal,—poor Timotheus, he who before he was dazed knew so well what gold was !

—But love of wealth is an intuition of the man, therefore must the getting of gain be wisdom. It is not, however, the pile of gold that is wealth. A representative is gold,—the representative of the home-roof shutting out the storm ; the representative of the board around which gathers the well-cared-for family ; the representative of the shop or mill or farm which is the substantiality of the owner, and the evidence of his usefulness to the society in which he lives. But the shop is to have its shutters up at least on Sundays and holidays ;

the clatter of machinery may be stopped for the greasing ; there is an injunction that fields sometimes lie fallow.

He who has prudence covers his heels from the cold rather than his head ; so he who has wisdom garners wealth for the immortal rather than riches for the mortal part.

"Were it not better to inquire  
How nature bounds each impotent desire,  
What she with ease resigns, or wants with pain,  
And then divide the solid from the vain ?  
Say, should your jaws with thirst severely burn,  
Would you a cleanly earthen pitcher spurn ?  
Should hunger on your gnawing entrails seize,  
Would turbot only or a capon please ?"

Moderation is the secret of happiness. "Whatever is beyond moderation," wisely says Menedemus, "is not useful, but troublesome ; and he that is not satisfied with a little will never have enough." Man is for the world, and not the world for man ; let this be a graven maxim. Let a man think not to live too selfishly, for through selfishness shall he find himself arrived all too quickly at the grave of his pleasures. Crantor is a physician ; endowed with a meditative nature and with a mind keenly perceptive, it is his wont to wander in quiet places speculating on the mysteries of his science. Gifted with ready pen, it is his virtue that he writes the solutions of many of these mysteries, thus enlightening his fellows and benefiting widely his kind. It is the good fortune of Crantor that accident has so placed him that without detriment he may pursue his walks and his speculations. But Crantor has ill-judging friends, who, with short sight, would tempt him from

his books and from his meditations, and all, forsooth, because that pieces of shining metal are to be picked up more frequently on the city streets than by the stream's side or in the shady wood.—And, alas that it is so, the eyes of Crantor are seen all too frequently to turn towards the heart of the great town, and towards the pieces of shining metal.

——And what would Crantor, and what would the world, lose by the change? Alexander, as the story is told, sent a hundred talents of gold to Phocion, because he heard that he was a good man; but Phocion returned the gold, with a request that he might be permitted to continue a good man still. So the Theban Crates flung, of his own accord, his money into the sea, exclaiming, “*Abite, nummi; ego vos mergam, ne mergar a vobis.*” Crantor would lose the sweet companionship of things which inspire and which ennoble; would lose the teachings to which now daily he listens; would lose the view of the far-off mountain-tops,

“The far-off mountain-tops of distant thoughts,  
That men of common stature never saw.”

——All this, and more; no longer in genial converse and in philosophic disputation would the scholar, with bared head, the winds with gentle touch playing lovingly with his still lustrous locks, have time and converse for the friends who now meet him in the wood by the water-side; no longer would the lectures of the master smell as now of fruit and flowers, but all too quickly the odor would become that of the hospital and the dead-house. It would be that Crantor, in becoming a dispenser of medicines, would cease to

be a distributor of ideas.—It would be, that in some distant day the physician would count his pieces of shining metal, and in the memory of a past, a dead past, a past gone forever, would sigh, *imo pectore*, “Troja fuit.”

It is the end and success of a man's life that he find himself in comfort, in content, and in faith: he who has come to these finds nothing in the past to regret, sees nothing in the future to fear; such a man has attained to fulness.

Life ;—a simple thing is it when lived in the laws of nature.

“O noble man,” said the Chian to Arcesilaus, “may I a question put, or must I hold my tongue?” And is it not, my Lysias, for him who would be wise, that he put questions to that other Arcesilaus, Knowledge, in order that to his necessities he may bring the gold of Seuthes?

It is, my scholar, for a man to understand that there are things mortal and things immortal; things which pertain to the flesh, and things which pertain to the soul: so it is that wisdom, having both to consider, and both to provide for, is felt to be a something not too low for the proud, nor too high for the humble. Heed, Lysias, it is the command of the oracle that a man know first himself.

O gracious Knowledge, which banishest doubt, which castest out confusion, which dispellest illusion, makest tortuous things straight, and illuminest the obscure!—O Life! beautiful, and grand, and all-satisfying art thou to him who comprehends what it is to live.



But Death !—Death ! the earth is full of death, and there is no permanency.

O Ignorance ! let man execrate thee ; thou, thou alone art death, and beside thee is there none other ; the demon of affliction art thou to mankind, apart from thee exists no evil. Ah ! thou black-winged vampire-thing, lift up thy hideous form ; let the eyes covered by thy smothering breast look out, that it may come to them to behold what is beyond,—to see to what cometh even so mean a thing as a worm.

——And what is this goblin story about death ; this bugbear which frightens grown-up children ?——O miraculous chameleon ! having color that is, and yet is not. O God-like phenomenon ! that what to mortal eyes should seem as falling into nothingness, is, in truth, growing in fulness.

“ Hard is the fate of mortals,” sighed a Locust, as he felt his efforts all too feeble to resist the unseen something which was thrusting him from what he called himself ; but on another day coming back and beholding the dry shell that still adhered to the tree,—the shell which had grown so crusty, and hard, and colorless, and which had so cramped and so constrained him,—he said to a companion, “ How great a fool is a Locust !”

Who is he that says, “ Our Father,” yet sets himself up as a Wiser than God ? “ Life,” cries the pent-up nature, “ more life, wider life.” Yet closer and closer, firmer and firmer, the mortal clings to that which separates him from his desire. Fret on thy chain, thou dim-seeing, near-sighted, ignorant one ; with each remove shall it grow heavier to thee. Natural is it that



the miscomprehending man rebel as he feels himself passing into cramps and shackles ; that he chafe and fret against the links ; that he find fault with heavy-growing limbs, and with myopic eyes that may look alone towards a grave. Verily, hard, very hard must it be to know of fulness only as a something which was of yesterday ; to esteem the road of life as having crossed the summit, that the way is one leading down the hill,—down the cold side of the hill ; no longer any upward look ; no longer gold-tinted clouds, no longer the loves of old ; but the Styx, the black Styx flowing drearily in its unbroken silence at the foot ; the grim boatman of the tideless river waiting to bear the unwilling freight—where ? Ah, unhappy one ! go to the locust for a lesson.

No death, sayest thou ?

No death, Lysias ; never yet has death come into the world. To die—as man calls dying—is to change,—only to change ; is to pass from an old shell into one new and fresh ; is to assume bright colors and gay attributes ; is to lapse into some other expression of the great thing called life ; is to go to other office ; is to follow the beckoning of nature that one may be where most needed,—that one may be in that fashion best suited to a necessity. Poor Cephalus ! how outgrown and outworn is the pattern of his form ! Think, Lysias, of the happy revivification awaiting the tottering sage : perhaps he is to be of the grand winds which eddy about the earth ; perchance of rivers which flow to and from the sea ; or as form of babe which nestles and joys in a mother's arms ; or maybe he shall pass to the life of the fagot picked from the way-side, which,

when the torch is applied, flashes forth into flame, making warm old and cold hands; or might he not come to be as a bird which helps the husbandman by picking slugs from the vine? or as a fish which swims in the sea? or as an eagle which mocks the heights of unscaled mountains?

" For once I was a boy, and once a girl,  
A bush, a bird, a fish who swims the sea."

—Right is Empedocles, the heritage of matter is transmigration: man cometh up from the ground and goeth back unto that whence he came.—Wait, wait only a little time, Cephalus, and the heavy limbs and the weary eyes shall be ashes—the——

Thou wilt hear naught of ashes? neither shalt thou; dust affiliates with life, and ashes are as the resurrection.

Ah! but the interim, sayest thou; the confined body, and the mouldering form.

Go, Lysias, and sympathize with the seed which yesterday thou buried, but which to-morrow is to win for its flower a place on the breast of beauty; place crape over the spot wherein thou placed it; lay thy weeping eye to the earth and mourn the seed as a something lost,—as a something gone from thee forever. Yet turn thou as well hastily away, for it takes a buried seed not long to thrust life out of its death. Where has gone, Lysias, the roundness which, but a month back, was the beauty of Phryne? Did she bury it? Do crape and urn weep over it? Where are the muscles of Antæus, which, only a short year ago, did defeat in wrestling all who passed the cave at Libya? Pare thy nails,

Lysias, and, with coffin and procession, have funeral of the cuttings; or do thou rub off the scarf-skin of thy body,—that all of thee which human eyes behold; say that what yesterday was Lysias has disappeared, and with sad lamentations bid relatives weep the loss of that no longer needed. It was by the wall that skirts the way leading to the house of Lysander that Antheros watched a serpent cast its skin, and as the scholar pondered, behold two great beetle-bugs issuing from the ground solved for him the riddle upon which he meditated; for these did drag the skin into the hole whence they had come, and did make it over into their own lives, and into the lives of their offspring.—But the serpent was well rid of the slough, for in his freedom he found himself able to go to the tangle and shade which invited, and where a new robe awaited him.\*

But a dead Lysias steps not forth a new Lysias?

Sayest thou so? Into what then does he step? Bury not the parings of thy nails; eat them; bite off and swallow into thy stomach the hard derm with which the spade has thickened the cushions of thy palms: thus mayest thou make Lysias feed Lysias; thus resurrect a dying self into a living self. But—would Lysias desire to remain Lysias forever? Ah, my scholar, little knowest thou of transformations which are ever new, yet ever old; ever the same, yet ever something else. O kind Mater Natura!—who hast given all

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\* “ Non jam se moriens dissolvi conqueretur,  
Sed majis foras, vestemque relinquere, ut anguis  
Gauderet prælonga senex aut cornua cervus.”

CICERO.

of life as a common possession ; who hast so ordered and so arranged that all enjoyments are enjoyed by all.

“ Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So all remembrance of a former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.”

But can that life be aught than nothingness where love replaces love, where heat expels heat, and where nails drive out nails?

Thou deniest not, my Lysias, that a new nail is better than one worn and rusty? that the fresh heat which to-day comes from the furnace is more to the wants of to-day than that given out yesterday? And is the love of the present less warm than those other loves of the past?

Yes! but the love that goes from Lysias, what is to give this back? What is to cheer a heart passing into the sere and yellow? Who smooth out wrinkles? What bring back escaping passions? Ah, Lysias, who is to save thee from being pushed into nothingness?

Thou didst not hear the story, Lysias, of a pearl which found its life only in the wounding and mutation of that wherein it dwelt. From the slime of the river the jewel passed to enshrinement in the coiffure of a princess. Heed thou, my scholar, it is the eternal principle of life, and not a body, not any body, which is real existence ; yet, in the ways of nature, this principle is to the man—while it is with him—what a pearl is to an oyster. Who may separate an unsecreted pearl from an oyster-shell? Yet where else is the gem? Heed the lesson of Cebes. “ See, O Cebes, that if we

have not agreed on these things improperly, as it appears to me ; for if one class of things were not constantly given back in the place of another, revolving as it were in a circle, but generations were direct from one thing alone into its opposite, and did not turn round again to the other, or retrace its course, do you not know that at length all things would have the same form, be in the same state, and cease to be produced ? By no means difficult is it to understand this : if, for instance, there should be such a thing as falling asleep, but no reciprocal waking again produced from a state of sleep, you know that at length all things would show the fable of Endymion to be a jest, and it would be thought nothing at all of, because everything else would be in the same state as he, namely, asleep. And if all things were mingled together, but never separated, that doctrine of Anaxagoras would soon be verified, ‘all things would be together.’ Likewise, my dear Cebes, if all things that partake of life should die, and after they are dead should remain in this state of death, and not revive again, would it not necessarily follow that at length all things should be dead, and nothing alive ? for if living things are produced from other things, and living things die, what could prevent their being all absorbed in death ?” Doubt not, Lysias, that a Socrates goes not to Hades without a divine destiny : listen thou rather with Echecrates to the story of a Phædo, and learn that what are deemed solemn occasions are, to the wise man, seasons of joy—or, if weep thou wilt at the poison-cup, learn, with Apollodorus, that tears and laughter happily commingle.

Yes, yes ; but what shall save Lysias to himself ? What shall preserve the individuality ?

Seest thou, Lysias, yonder bevy of young and fresh maidens ? Where were these when, together, thou and I sang our song as we floated down the Danube ? Rememberest thou the exhilaration, the laughter, the free and careless grace, of those days long passed away ? More laughter then than now, Lysias ; and was not our wit brighter, as certainly the legs of one of us at least were stronger ?

It brings sadness, thou sayest, the remembrance of these hours.

And why sadness ? Did we not have our sail over the river ? Did we not have our hours of wit and of laughter ? Did we not climb the mountains ? and did we not pass from the loves of Como to the mysteries of Baden ? The bevy of maidens, Lysias, were not with us on the river, neither in the mountains ; nothing had these of our delight, or of our sensations.—As when, in turn, adown the grape-smelling stream these shall float, we shall know nothing of what they enjoy, of what they feel, or of what they think.

And shall not the maidens so fresh and fair give, in turn, place as well as freshness to other maidens who are to follow them ? And will not these again in good time pass on, that room may be afforded still others ? Came not the maidens, Lysias, from whence the successors are to come ? and shall the others and others who are coming, come from nothing ? May a nothing produce a something ? How then otherwise is it but that which is to come, now is ? Is not the fruit in the bud ? the bud in the tree ? and is not the tree in the

earth and in the atmosphere? and are not earth and air—that which are the tree and the bud and the fruit—immortal? Does matter cease to be? Think, Lysias; is it not joyous to note the bud set by the spring-time as a garnet upon the branchlet finger of a bough? and is it not with growing pleasure that we see the coming fruit, that we watch its development? What then, Lysias? shall we pray Nature stay here her hand? Shall the beautiful fruit which has had its season of leaf and of blossom be now left to rot in the summer's sun or to wither and shrink up in the winter's cold? Ah, Lysias, see here the foolishness of ignorance; give to the maiden, who is to go to the Danube, that she may eat thy fruit, and its luscious juices shall she convert into the gazing eyes which are to drink in the beautiful sights of the river,—that in turn, Lysias, the orbs shall give forth fire for other fruitions,—that a Dido shall live in a Carthage,—that a Semiramis shall rear the towers which look skyward from Babylon. O Nature! bountiful and miraculous, that giving once life, thou ever continuest it; that affording once form, thou laborest unceasingly to change the old into the new, the worn-out and dejected into the vigorous and the joy-absorbing. A matter for gratulation is it, Lysias, and not for sorrow, that the dweller by the river-bank is permitted to go to grand outlooks of the mountain; that the bud may change until it becomes the fragrance of a blossom; the blossom give its odor for the fruit; that the fruit may come to the sensations of him who eats of it.

—And wherefore is it, Lysias, that wisdom doubteth ever the fitness of things, save that what is esteemed wise is not of truth but of error? and that men who are

called learned are, in truth, ignorant. Wiser than wisdom is that which is itself knowledge, and in the voices of nature, simple though they seem, are orations more profound than ever Athenians received from lips of lofty Pericles.

To attain to true wisdom is to recognize with him of Sinope, "That between life and death there is no difference, that the great law governing life is that of transmigration."

Say, Lysias, wouldst thou, having in store many new and inviting dishes, desire to taste of all, or rather wouldst thou eat alone of that which has grown flat from time, and stale? "Of the new and fresh," thou sayest. So be it. The new is that with which a kind Nature ever replaces the old; and wilt thou deny the good only in that it comes not served on a familiar dish?—not upon thy own gold-banded plates? What! if a man live justly and moderately and temperately, must he not then live pleurably? and living pleurably does he not live in fulness? Yet, fulness attained, must it not of necessity become in turn emptiness? does not the sun absorb ever the contents of the fountain? and does not the atmosphere drink up all moisture? Is it not mercy, Lysias, in the sun, that it saves from loathsome putridity the glittering spray? and is it not charity in the atmosphere, that it bears the water to new missions?

It is mercy, and it is charity, thou sayest.

How, then, failest thou in perceiving that same mercy and charity which as well so immediately consort for the good of Lysias, inasmuch as they come with power to change decrepitude into vigor, ugliness into beauty,



and age into youth? A man becomes changed in the sight of others by so simple an act as the putting on of a garment. Only change is it when his fashion alters to that of a cloud or a wave, a clod or a leaf.

But where, thou askest, is the passion of Lysias in a cloud, where the expression of the senses in a leaf?

Has it not come to thee, my scholar, to watch the vapor turning its blush to the sun for the golden tint, or to observe the leaf athirst and dust-dried changing in suffering the outlook of its face? What matters it, Lysias, to what uses a mother puts her children? and what matters it though these uses be changed and varied day by day? It may not but be that wisdom, like faith, begets confidence. What heeds it, mother, that the breath of the child has been needed for the odorous throat of the lily?—Is a lily less tenderly cared for than was thy babe?—Is a lily less beautifully arrayed than was thy little manikin? It was becoming in thee, mother, that thou didst create so sweet a fragrance for the nostrils of the Infinite. Do not spoil the offering by ignorant complainings. It is, that the child has gone forth to other missions. It is, that God is using it?—Who knows best, God or thou? Heed, Lysias, it is a weary, weary thing to grow into age and decrepitude.—Shall one not desire it as the best of things that he be born again? Make thou not the mistake, my scholar, of confounding Lysias with the world; all ignorant men so blunder. I would not have thee a Sciolist.

\* \* \* Yes, yes; thou needest not to remind me that it is to philosophize when die other men's wives and when are buried other men's hopes. It is a law of

nature that the eyes weep ; it is not contrary to instinct that one prays : yet both these actions evince lack of faith. I teach thee, my scholar, the facts of thy existence ; of thy relations with Nature. With Socrates thou mayest ask of God that which of thyself thou canst not understand.—But it is beautiful that the pearls are not doomed to remain hid forever in oyster-shells.—It is an odorous thought that the babe goes from the coverlets of the cradle, from the threatenings of mortal existence, to mingle with, and help make, that bouquet which is the fragrance of life. God giveth, and God taketh away, Lysias ; blessed be the name of God.

Heed thou ! Is pain, crushing, racking pain, not a good ? Yet how few are there but esteem it an evil ! How else than by pain might disease announce itself ? That which the unappreciative fear as an enemy, the physician recognizes as a sentinel saviour ; and so will it be found of all things,—of all things, Lysias. This thy mentor feels that he knows, even though he lacks the skill to unfold the problem. He who puts his whole trust in Nature—in God—never shall be brought to confusion.

What Hiero shall distinguish to a Simonides the pleasures of the king from the pleasures of a common man ? Have not both eyes with which to see, ears with which to hear, palates for taste, and nostrils for scents ? Sleeps not the king ? and sleeps not the subject ? And who is to describe the sensations of a leaf which unrolls itself from the bud that it may greet the sunshine ? or who tell of the joys of a wave that sings to the beach its song of greeting ? Say not, Lysias, that the unfold-

ing of the leaf is natural fruition, and that the murmur of a wave is natural noise. What is voice of human child but a passing breath modified by the moving chords of a larynx? and what are joy-dancing limbs but expressions of muscular movements?—how turns a child from shade to sunshine? and how changes a leaf its face from sunshine to shade?—Except, Lysias, as it concerns the man, the child, which, being once with us, is ever with us—the *entelechy*—so is there no iota of difference between one object of nature and another. Neither is there discrimination in care given by the Providence which rules over all.

“ Where are the blossoms of summer ?—In the west,  
Blushing their last to the sunny hours,  
Where the mild eve by sudden night is prest,  
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers,  
To a most gloomy breast.  
Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—  
The many, many leaves of all twinkling? . . .  
Where is the Dryad’s immortality ?—  
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long winter through  
In the smooth holly’s green eternity.”

Who, then, shall waste tears over that which changes?  
Askest thou, Lysias, if the wise man prepare not for change, and yet considerest not the answer given by the master to the son of Hipponicus? “Hermogenes, have I not steadily persisted, throughout life, in a diligent endeavor to do nothing which is unjust? and this I take to be the best and most honorable preparation. . . . Know you not that hitherto I have yielded to no man that he hath lived more uprightly or even more

pleasurably than myself,—possessed, as I was, of that well-grounded self-approbation arising from the consciousness of having done my duty both to the gods and man, my friends also bearing testimony to the integrity of my conversation?" And what further was it concerning this matter that Cambyzes said? "As from men, so likewise from the gods, the most likely person to obtain his suit *is not he who when in distress flatters servilely, but he who in his most happy circumstances is most mindful of the gods.*"

Then the wise man heeds alone a present, and lets a past and a future take care of themselves?

Good! Lysias, he may do nothing better, or more in way of service to his Creator. A man is, in his day, to eat, drink, and make merry.

"Every leisure hour employ  
In mirth, in revelry, in joy :  
Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play,  
Drive corroding care away :  
Join the gay and festive train,  
And make old age grow young again."

But is one to take no thought of the cares and ills of life?

And what are these, my Lysias? what are the cares of a leaf? and what the ills of a clod? and is that body of man which mortal things can touch of different make from leaf or clod? and if not different, what cares or ills may come to it? Is not the common mother Nature the care-taker of us all? Fail not to perceive that ills and cares exist most in artificialities. "What a deal of business and trouble have you at your meals, grandfather," said the boy Cyrus to Astyages, "if

you must reach out your hands to all these several dishes, and taste of all these kinds of meat !” “What then ?” asked Astyages : “do you not think this entertainment much finer than what you have in Persia ?” “No, grandfather : with us we have a much plainer and readier way to get satisfied than you have ; for plain meat and bread suffices for our meal ; but you, in order to the same end, have a deal of business on your hands ; and, wandering up and down through many mazes, you at last arrive where we have got long before you.” \*

But one may have his limbs torn ; and then will his eyes be suffused through the anguish of his pain.

Yes ; and a cloud is broken up and is scattered as rain-drops, the leaf is wrung from its stem, the clod is torn under the harrow : yet the life of the cloud is not hurt, for it is seen to bring forth freshness ; the leaf perchance passes to the delightful attar ; while from the pulverized earth grass springs out to cover and to beautify the ground. Believe, Lysias, that he whose knowledge brings him to a comprehension of the thing called life, fears not to change. Is not the body external ? is it more than a garment to that which is enrobed ? and while one regrets the tearing of a robe, is he inconsolable, knowing that means exist to the repair ? Evil is as the circumference which a man draws about and around himself : shall not the bulky stand more in fear of the lance than the lean ? Does not Crito, whose wealth extends itself over half the streets of Athens, suffer from the flames of conflagration, while to the Satyr these same flames are as pictures of beauty drawn over a black

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\* Xenophon.—Institution of Cyrus.

sky? Who, having nothing to lose, trembles when a Polycrates is afloat on the *Ægean*? Or who, being without avarice or cupidity, needs to cower at the cross of *Oroetes*?

But does not philosophy as well as piety speak of, and commend, prayer?

Confound not reason, *Lysias*, in losing the distinction between the soul of man and the matter of his body; for thought and spake *Athens's* greatest sage not well when he affirmed that to importune God with our inquiries concerning things of which we may gain the knowledge by number, weight, or measure, is a kind of impiety? it being, as it seemed to him, incumbent on man to make himself acquainted with whatever God has placed within his power; as for such things as were beyond his comprehension, for these he ought always to apply to the oracle; God being ever ready to communicate knowledge to those whose care has been to render him propitious.\* For what, *Lysias*, does the philosopher more than the simple man where questions of soul are involved? but what does he not more than the simple man in enduring things called ills, but which he has learned to know as passing nothings? Understandest thou, *Lysias*, the oneness of a thing omnipresent yet individual? then comprehendest thou the all, and yet the nothingness, of prayer. Prayer has concern to the soul, and not to corporeal things, which are common and easily come at. Who asks too freely in prayer does so only in his ignorance of the law in which man lives.

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\* *Xenophon*.—*Memoirs of Socrates*.

Yes, ignorant indeed would that man seem to be who solicits too continuously. Wonderfully better is God than such a one wots of. Look around, Lysias. What is there that has been left unprovided for? What is found that seems as unconsidered? Lacks a man bread, the field is the almoner. Let the hungered with spade and plough say his prayer to the earth. God is not found waiting to be solicited. The ground and men's arms are Providence.

He who prays and whines for daily bread—save that he delves with coulter and blade—must seek to make God a liar. Is it not the law that “in the sweat of the face the bread is to be eaten”? A beggar indeed is such a one,—as offensive in the sight of heaven as is the mendicant in that of good men. What would the caitiff have of Providence? Is the great Care-Taker to be solicited to the office of feeding with fork and spoon? Shall other levator nasi than his own expand the nostril that the abundant air may enter?

How shall I speak to thee, my scholar, of the mercy called special Providence, and yet offend not against thy inexperience,—offend not against that faith which is the greatest wealth a man may garner to himself? Better be without experience than without faith; better be without knowledge than without confidence in the “Father who is in heaven.” The earth is full of the mercy of God. Neither sparrow nor hair falls to the ground without that it is seen by the eye of the Care-Taker.

I commend, my scholar, that, being as yet ignorant, thou inquire not too curiously into the dispensations of Providence; for while interrogation brings the wise



man to stronger faith,—to faith that the overtopping of a world might not shake or confound,—yet it may lead the slim inquirer only to Atheism and to confusion. The safety and the salvation of man are in law, which law has been so wondrously prearranged that answer to prayer is found within a man's own self. Call the surgeon when the torn artery is jetting forth the life : here is saving Providence. Find the Father's protection in the judgment which needs but to be heeded that it keep one's feet from the dangers of the over-driven car or the ill-manned ship : here is saving Providence.

—It is, my scholar, that the services of life are performed alone through means, and of all the instruments by which God works, man is the strongest and most capable. Heed, Lysias, “Man is the temple of the Holy Ghost.” It is God himself who declares that his residence is in man.

It is in the fulness of wisdom, Lysias, that a man learns that he has been appointed his own care-taker; and in such knowledge he finds himself not weighed down, but the rather elevated, inasmuch that coming to such apprehension he discerns that the means of security are not wanting ; seeing that he may have what he needs for the asking, he puts forth in effect the divinity that he finds within himself, and thus receives answer to his prayer. See, Lysias, what a sad and foolish pleading would that seem to be which for an individual good seeks to persuade change in a law which is the safety of all. A very ignorant savage is he who has not learned that his Fetich does not answer the prayers directed to save from the prick of the poisoned arrow :



the learned, however, as well prays, but his Fetich is a bit of caustic silver, and to his prayer he has answer. To learn godliness is to come to the understanding that dependence is to be upon one's self. He who lacks health, let him set himself to the understanding of sickness; he who needs a house, let him of his own force gather rafters and roofing.

God is knowledge; and knowledge is, at all times, and under all circumstances, salvation. To pray, to wrestle in prayer, should be to the end of correlating into one's self the *Deus mundi*,—should be to the end of growing and increasing within one's self that which is the divine part of man. It is as through physical exercise a man is found to enlarge lungs and muscles and bones and thus to increase lustiness. He who exercises himself not in prayer dwindles and shrinks in his divinity; and it may well be that all the God goes out of him,\* just as with him who denies exercise to the limbs it is found that sooner or later the office of the joints departs them.

“Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee,  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched  
But for high purposes; nor nature lends  
The smallest of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and uses.”

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\* See “Two Thousand Years After.”

Prayer, true prayer, is trust: "Not my will, O Father, but Thine be done." What but wisdom might ask aright? and what man is there that hath wisdom? But are there not, thou askest, thanks to be given for the good received? Oh, truly, truly, Lysias; and he alone is worthy of the name of man whose soul is forever uttering thanks to the Infinite.

Uttering thanks, uttering thanks; and what for? For that life is,—that it forever shall be,—that all is in common,—that law exists,—that it is unchanging and unwavering,—that by this law man is permitted to arbitrate his own destiny, to be high or low, healthy or unhealthy, noble or ignoble, happy or miserable, as he wills. What more than this may man have, what more might he ask?

"For when he saw all things that had regard  
To life's subsistence for mankind prepared,  
That men in wealth and honors did abound,  
That with a noble race their joys were crowned,  
That yet they groaned with cares and fears oppressed,  
Each finding a disturber in his breast,  
He then perceived the fault lay hid in man,  
In whom the bane of his own bliss began."

—Ah, Lysias, true must it be that the man who prays not is sunk and lost in nothingness; but not more appreciative is he whose altar smoketh alone with oblations of supplication.—Shall the child importune the watchful parent who knoweth and heedeth what things are best for it? Shall a dumb brute deny the leadings of the rein that directeth to the master's crib? He who prays truly, Lysias, has naught of language with which to frame speech; only may such a one stand dumb,

and, with eyes and heart turned upward—wonder. Prayer may have no formula: each breath inspired, as it brings with it life and refreshment, is to carry back thanks; each sensation is to be an offering, each rapture a worship; for say, Lysias, who, being athirst, may quaff cool waters and know no gratitude? who, being hungry, may eat yet heed not?

—And who, Lysias, finding himself in a life to which his own efforts have not tended, is to doubt the fulness and fruition of existence? Could he have come if he had not been—and had not been needed? May a something develop from nothing? And a man, being, may he do aught save that which pertains to the office of his organization? Does not the tree fulfil an intention when it brings forth fruit according to its kind, so likewise the herb when it grows the savor for the meat? and is a man not in the way of duty when his fruition is in accordance with his abilities,—the coarse and muscular to produce images, the nervous and sensitive to evolve ideals?—for say, Lysias, without the genius of the latter by what models might the former work? and without the labor of the former of what use were the ideas of the latter? May melody have voice but in instrumentation?—may the caught thought speak its meaning but in the lines of the scribe?

It is, then, Lysias, for a man to do always according to the measure of that which he finds within himself, and not to query as to differences which he perceives to exist between himself and other men; for has it not been seen fit by the Deity, as wisely affirmed by Plato, that into those who are to govern gold has been mingled, into the military silver, and into husbandmen and

artificers iron and brass? and may he who does his best do better, or do aught more fitting or useful to the purposes of his Creator? Weigh thyself, Lysias, and let the fulness of the weight be found ever in the balance.

But how shall a man weigh himself and how live in his fulness?

And dost thou ask these questions in earnestness and with desire to truth?

The proper meaning of a thing, my scholar, is to be sought for alone in its ending; in a single sentence is to be found the question of questions, *To what end?* Yet who shall meditate, and who solve questions, but he who has time for such offices? for what was that queried of Lysander when he had determined in solitude to woo the goddess? “And so thou art determined, my Lysander, to cut thyself loose from the ‘mélange,’ from the ‘imperium in imperio,’ and all for a few cabbages, and the music, as thou callest it—dreary stuff—of meadow frogs.” Yet is it not well declared that “Vatia alone knows how to live, and may better examples be quoted of such as have attained to the wealth that is begotten of contemplative retirement than such wise mortals as Democritus, Anaxagoras, Parmenides, and Jovius”? Neither might truer aphorism be quoted than “Homo solus aut deus, aut dæmon,” for most true is it that in solitude is a man best able to see whether he has in him most of saint or devil. Man, in society, is modified—unconsciously modified—by and of his surroundings: if this comes not of the *leges scriptæ*, then it is of the *leges non scriptæ*, and the latter is not unfrequently the stronger law; for even does it prescribe the fashion of a garment and compel the

wearing of a smile broad enough and deep enough to cover up and hide a scowling heart. In society it is that man finds food for his impulses: the envious drink of gall and wormwood; the good discover objects for their love and charity; while the vital and lusty, as a Themistocles, see in the glory of a Miltiades the compensation for heroic deeds.—But society is the ignis-fatuus to him who leads not, but is led; and not of much length is the meandering which suffices to lose the natural man.

Before flowers are the seed and culture; and as are these, so is the bloom. A seed produces according to the earth with which it is commingled, and the ground brings forth not otherwise than as pertains to a nucleus found in it. Seed produce their kind and sow them. Yet many weak seeds filling the ground may come at length to be over-shaded, and killed out, by a single germ of superior strength. Do not a million spears of grass disappear in the shade that comes of an acorn? For what does Plutarch tell us of the effeminacy and delights of the great Cæsar? Had not the Roman in his heart Cleopatra, and Eunoe, and Posthumia, and Servilla? and yet were not these all smothered by a single seed of ambition which grew up with them?

Take heart, my scholar; a great thing, a most complex thing, is life. Yet withal is it a most simple thing. That which it most concerns a man to have constantly in his mind is, *That if he do not a duty to-day, in some way the remission is to be accounted for on the morrow.* A fact of great signification is this. I leave thee, Lysias, that thou mayest ponder over it.

### III.

## CONCERNING QUIET HOURS.

“ Let me live harmlessly ; and near the brink  
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,  
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink  
With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace ;  
And on the world and my Creator think :  
While some men strive ill-gotten goods t’ embrace,  
And others spend their time in base excess  
Of wine ; or, worse, in war or wantonness.”

COME, my Lysias, the day has all the gladness of the early summer-time, let us together hurry from the seats of trade, from the places given up to contention and to fever-begetting commotion, that in some quiet spot we may find the contemplative shade, and in discourse with nature learn the unwisdom of those whose ways we avoid.

\* \* \* \* How fresh and inviting is this grass- and alder-bordered wood-stream ! how restful is the droop of the willow-branches ! how soothing the dryad song of the flowing water ! It is very satisfying, my Scholar, this sense of a oneness with the Common All, which,

in such seclusion, comes to the meditative. Look up, Lysias, above is the sky ; let thy sight drop, supporting us is a common earth,—common to man and alder-bushes, to the drooping willow-branches and the singing water-nymphs—for are not all of kindredship—all of one origin, the sky alike with the earth, the dryads alike with men ? Feel the velvety softness of this moss couch ; needs simplicity to seek pallet more luxurious ? or might the proud hope to find ornamentation more refined, or to discover seat more attractive ?——Ah, my Scholar, here it is, here upon the moss-beds by the side of singing streams, that man is to find his most gratifying dreams ; that he is to listen for the sweetest sounds. In quiet places it is that the Heart's-ease grows.

——But the day is called practical, and stream and grove are neglected for mart and workshop ; men rub the drowsy eyes as they hurry to the counter, and from morning to night, from school-desk to coffin, time is found for little else save that which serves but to debase and to drag down ; for is not that debasing, and is not that dragging down, which gives possession to an insidious foe, perverting to mean uses faculties designed for the ransoming and for the glory of men ? Not but what it is in the way of a true and proper use of life that a man strive for his sustenance, and for the sustenance of such as are dependent ; but that it is living to meaner purpose than the idiot to sacrifice soul and its longings to body and its sensuality ; the pure and ennobling to the turbid and demeaning ; to seal up eyes and ears, and to hold in bondage the immortal to the mortal parts. And such jailers are most men unto themselves, and so continue to be until no soul is left

to be imprisoned; the divine Essence little by little eluding locks and bars, and the prison-house being found at the last no less or more a sensuous body than are other clay-built structures.——True, most true is it, my Scholar, that a man is what he wills himself to be,—high or low, noble or ignoble, mortal or divine.

——No time for the placid wood-stream? no time for winding walks by devious river-banks? no time for draughts of the ambrosia which in full measure is running in eternal freshness from the mountain springs of the gods?——Well, poor man! keep to thy shop; go thou never away from the pave; in place of the nectar open thy mouth for the mixtures of the apothecary; hold thou, and suck thou, sponge-like; “absorb and bloat and die,” plenty of company hast thou; cling thou by thy rock; no lesson is it for thee that day by day other full sponges are seen to fall off and be in their place no more.

“I have a rich neighbor,” says the simple-hearted angler, “that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, more money, that he may still get more. ‘The diligent hand maketh rich.’ And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by one of great observation, ‘that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.’ And yet heaven deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound in riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys which



keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even where others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience."

There is, my Lysias, a negative unhappiness which is greater than that which may be consciously present and positive; by which is meant, that the pleasures of a mere man of the market are so insignificant and mean when compared with higher joys of which he wots little or nothing, that should consciousness of the distinction come to him, he might not but be horrified in perceiving that his fare had been husks and slops, and his assumptions simple and ridiculous presumptions. Shall this be made more plain if we consider that large class of human sybarites who know nothing of exhilaration aside from animal excitements? What, to the soulless bodies of such, are the refinements of the higher æsthetics? What know these of gurgling waters except as of a something that quenches thirst? Or what to such are earth-paintings and sky-reflections? The happiness of such men is as the happiness of the beast, which eats its fill and then rests that it may eat again.

—But the possession of money wealth is not necessarily the abuse of it. A shallow philosophy certainly is that which reviles as of evil in itself an instrument

capable of so great good ; but never overmuch or too continuously is gold to be reviled when it is perceived that, wall-like, a man takes of his metal and with it builds himself into a dungeon whereby from him are shut out the fragrant things of a higher living. A suggestive saying was it of Aristotle's, "that some men are as stingy as if they expected to live forever, and some as extravagant as if they expected to die immediately."

Who, knowing the wealth of the poor, will not utter an apostrophe to Poverty? Yes, delightful goddess, we too may speak an oblation in thy ear ; for is it not in indifference to wealth that to-day the sweet sounds and sights of nature are ours? that to-day, and a part of every day, we follow thy delightful leadings, and are recreated with thy everlasting freshness? Is it not that being thy votaries we are saved from worthlessly encumbering the ground? that we are made producers, and adders to the comfort of men? O beautiful Nymph, wearer of russet garments which do but conceal glories lying beneath, whence but from thee come patience and love and compassion? Whence but from thee are sublime poems built in enduring granite, are words made everlasting through steel-carved pages, are notes breathing in soul-inspiring melody? and whence but from thee come oil and wine, honey and frankincense? Heaven-born goddess, receive our oblations.

It is better to be absolutely poor than to be absolutely rich ; it is best to be neither : in such conclusions rests the experience of the world's knowledge ; and nothing is there so trustworthy as the common experience. Yet in society, as society now is, the individual may scarcely depend on himself to understand

this, for even as so real a thing as the sun may be shut out by clouds and made to appear as though it were not, so may a man grope a lifetime in regions of clouds even while all the time a sun is shining,—even while all the time he is surrounded by that which he sees not.

How many, with slippered feet resting upon silken stools, the market and its allurements shut out, the curtain drawn, will heed daintily, and find savor in, the quaint hints of such as good Izaak Walton ! How the fettered hands long to bait the hook and throw the line, and how the jaded ear drinks greedily in the unwonted discourse about things simple and natural—things once known, alas ! now, gone with the tide of a past.

“ Lord, who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?  
None can express thy works but he that knows them ;  
And none can know thy works, they are so many,  
And so complete, but only he that owes them.”

——A fisher-boy, rod upon shoulder, and basket in hand, seeking the stream where the trout lies under the meadow-bank. The stripling, neglectful of “down-sinking cork,” dreaming dreams as he sleeps amid the fragrance of a hill-side violet-bed. The youth, pensive and lusty, telling to trees and birds the story of a love—the story of a love that now, alas, is in a grave which the storms of twenty winters have beaten flat with the neighboring sward.

——To-night, flowing through the valleys of memory, is a stream along the banks of which lie halcyon-eggs,—to-night the time-fettered man, shackles, locks, and all, is back in the Eleusis from which two-score

years ago he wandered in search of a golden fleece ; to-night a Proserpine has escaped from Pluto, and the earth is aglow with fresh flowers and grasses. Come back, thou Past, oh, come back, but in thy coming lose not to us the experience by which alone we can understand thee.

With what an odor of fragrant invitation, and with what voice of allurements, does Nature beckon to the man who wanders within her sacred influences ! Who, with a Wilson, shall strap knapsack to his back and not find each hill an altar wherefrom ascends incense ? each valley a tabernacle in which nature, animate and inanimate, shows forth God's worthiness ?

" O lovely scenes !

That sink to nothing all the works of pride !  
What are the piles that puny mortals rear,  
Their temples, towers, however great or fair,  
Their mirrors, carpets, tapestry, and state,  
The nameless toys that Fashion's fools create,  
To this resplendent dome of earth and sky,  
Immensely stretched ! immeasurably high !  
Those yellow forests, tinged with glowing red,  
So rich around in solemn grandeur spread,  
Where, here and there, in lazy columns rise  
The woodman's smoke, like incense, to the skies !  
This heaven-reflecting lake, smooth, clear, profound,  
And that primeval peace that reigns around !  
As well may worms compare with souls divine,  
As Art, O Nature ! match her works with thine."

What dreams have men ! To-morrow, ay, to-morrow, the eyes are to open upon a new world. Ledgers are to be crammed away, tills are to be locked up, care is to be shut within the shop—and—to-morrow the man—unconsciously grown old—is to amble forth,—

to be laughed at and mocked by the boys of the playground ; to-morrow the old man is to wonder because he finds no fragrance in roses, no music in rippling streams, no pictures in the sky !

A time is there for everything ; a time when blossoms are pregnant with fruit, a time when the fruit is born and gone ; a time when streams murmur quaint songs all day long, a time when the waters are turned into ice ; a time when the horizon shows grand pictures, God-painted, a time when the sky is leaden. It is wisdom, my Lysias, to live in the things of one's day and not trust too fully the morrow—for to whom is it that in the belongings of a to-morrow are found the things of to-day ?—the meaning of each day is in that day, and not in the hours of any other.

How like unto threadbare suits grow men—some men ! neither is left to the woof strength nor gloss. “ But we go on,” as says the visitor to the North Road cottage, “ we go on in our clockwork routine, from day to day, and can't make out or follow the changes. They—they're a metaphysical sort of thing. We—we haven't leisure for it. We—we haven't courage. One don't see anything, one don't hear anything, one don't know anything ; that's the fact. We go on taking everything for granted, and so we go on, until whatever we do, good, bad, or indifferent, we do from habit. Habit is all I shall have to report, when I am called upon to plead to my conscience on my death-bed. ‘ Habit,’ says I ; ‘ I was deaf, dumb, blind, and paralytic, to a million of things, from habit.’ ”

‘ Let him plead habit who will, but habit saves not from that which is its result. He who is habit-blind

goes into the ditch, and he who is habit-wise escapes the fall. A pitiable sight is it to see a man nose-led, an invisible "Habit" carrying him away from all that should go to make up the fulness of a true life; no sun for his morning, no moon for his evening, but the dust of a treadmill to-day, to-morrow, and all days,—dust at the beginning, dust at the ending, dust intermediately,—from dust back to dust,—physically, morally, intellectually.

Ill-judged is it in a gray-haired that he anticipate the coming back of passed-away times; drink water while the spring runs, else will the freshness never be found by thee; set thy cup aside until the morrow, if so be it please thee, but when thou returnest be not disappointed in finding that thirsty nature has consumed the draught,—for that drinks which is athirst: then, O man! say, of what use is the cup to thee,—even though it be golden?

"See how in his head only, hope still lingers,  
Who evermore to empty rubbish clings,  
With greedy hands grubs after precious things,  
And leaps for joy when some poor worm he fingers."

"That I may show the whole world," says Jean Paul, "that we ought to value little joys more than great ones; the night-gown more than the dress-coat; that Plutus's heaps are worth less than his handfuls, and that not great, but little good haps, can make us happy." "Have you known," asks Montaigne, "how to meditate and manage your life? you have done a great deal more than he who has composed books."

A great thing is it indeed to know how to meditate

and how to manage life, and of great wisdom must it be, for few are found who have learned the art. "The child has beaten me in simplicity," cries the son of Tresius, as he beholds a boy drink water from his hands and take up lentils with a crust of bread; and in the lesson did the philosopher deem himself the richer, inasmuch as cup and spoon were not longer felt to be necessities. The most valuable thing a man can spend, taught Theophrastus, is time; and a favorite saying was it with Aristotle, that, in UNDERSTANDING, we do, without being commanded, what others do from fear of the laws.

It is, my Lysias, that we enjoy the solitude of the wood-side and streamlet, because that here, divested and freed from cares and anxieties, we find ourselves in natural relation with that of which we are a part; because that here is little and not much; because that here, management being easy, we find ourselves managers. Look you, O my Scholar, through the breaks in the branches which wave above us; what a sense of singleness is there in the great sky! how immeasurable the calm that falls from it into the heart! Surely amid such influences, if anywhere, is a man's life to be measured at its proper value.

And is it a fair exchange to give up variety for inanity, the sights and sounds of nature for the cares and perplexities of trade, the free and open outlook into life for the glass and the bench of the artisan? Which of the trio, Cephalus the grandfather, Lysanias the father, or Cephalus the son, lived wisest?—he who gathered, he who squandered, or he who preserved? And where is the pertinence in which is to be used the wealth of

the dwellers at Piræus? “What, think you, Cephalus, is the greatest advantage that you have derived from being wealthy?”

And what answers Cephalus?

“If I mention it,” he replies, “I shall perhaps get few persons to agree with me. Be assured, Socrates, that when a man is nearly persuaded that he is going to die, he feels alarmed and concerned about things which never affected him before. Till then he has laughed at those stories about the departed, which tell us that he who has done wrong here must suffer for it in the other world; but now his mind is tormented with a fear that these stories may possibly be true. And, either owing to the infirmity of old age, or because he is now nearer to the confines of the future state, he has a clearer insight into those mysteries. However that may be, he becomes full of misgiving and apprehension, and sets himself to the task of calculating and reflecting whether he has done any wrong to any one. Hereupon, if he finds his life full of unjust deeds, he is apt to start out of sleep in terror, as children do, and he lives haunted by gloomy anticipations. But if his conscience reproaches him with no injustice, he enjoys the abiding presence of sweet Hope, ‘that kind nurse of old age,’ as Pindar calls it. For indeed, Socrates, those are beautiful words of his, in which he says of the man who has lived a just and holy life, ‘Sweet Hope is his companion, cheering his heart, the nurse of old age,—Hope, which more than aught else steers the capricious will of mortal men.’ There is really a wonderful truth in the description. And it is this consideration, as I hold, that makes riches chiefly



valuable, I do not say to everybody, but at any rate to the good. For they contribute greatly to our preservation from even unintentional deceit or falsehood, and from that alarm which would attend our departure to the other world, if we owed any sacrifice to a god, or any money to a man. They may have other uses. But after weighing them all separately, Socrates, I am inclined to consider this service as anything but the least important which riches can render to a wise and sensible man."\*

Yet, my Lysias, would there not seem to be greater wisdom in him who abstains from debt-making? for in the abstaining, being debt-clear, is he not kept both from the owing of money and the temptation to deceit? and as with the lyrist, it must be felt of all, that "Hope is the nurse of old age," so must it also be that he who accumulates the largest store of hope is seen to gather to himself the truest treasury of riches. Now, to gather of Hope is to glean of that which nature plants, and not of ourselves to sow too freely; for if a man live in the fashion of nature he lives necessarily in the laws of his entities, and thus, being in accord with that which is the true direction of life, he may not possibly find himself owing debts, either of gold or of conscience.

With not less earnestness, Lysias, is a man to seek the mien of his good than has a Polemarchus sought the meaning of justice; for if to understand what is just be greater gain than the finding of many pieces of gold, shall it not be affirmed of good—which of itself em-

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\* Plato's Republic, Book First.

braces justice—that to discover and to practice it is to secure what, in the truest sense, is wealth indeed?—Or, is a man the rather to act with Thrasymachus, and esteem that in such search he settles alone some insignificant question, and not a principle on which life is to be conducted that it shall lead to the most profitable existence?

Let it be seen, my Scholar, that in our own influence we honor not overmuch that which is not of philosophy, for it has well been discerned and pronounced by Plato, that what is honored at any time is practiced, and what is dishonored is neglected, so that when wealth and the wealthy are (over) honored in a state, virtue and the virtuous sink in estimation. Yet, while we pay our honors to philosophy, let us not fail to understand what is meant by a philosopher, and not attempt to elevate in the public estimation that crude set so aptly described by Adeimantus as “men full of eccentricity and uselessness,” for such as these serve but to breed contempt, not only for themselves, but—what is of consequence—for that which, unjustly, they are supposed to represent.

He who has attained to philosophy is not to be beguiled and deceived by gloss and tinsel; it is that such have learned the distinction between brass and gold. So it comes that what glitters is twice scanned before being brought to the balance. To be rich consists in wanting. Who so poor—in the wealth sense—as he who finds nothing left to desire? Culleth not the Baron Verulam wisely when he selects the Roman word “*impedimenta*,” applying it to estate as being the baggage of virtue,—that something which may not be left be-

hind, or spared, yet which—in the care it demandeth—hindereth progress and not unfrequently causeth the losing or disturbing of the victory?

—Poor, in the wealth sense; for as extremes ever are found to meet, so it is that he who has, or may command, everything he craves, is no richer than he who has nothing, as to the latter belongs hope born of a future—which is the truest riches—a possession gone from the first. See the beautiful image of the charming and rich Sericula; silks of choicest texture literally burden the child, and in their Etruscan settings diamonds and precious jewels glitter from ears and fingers. Yet has the pretty Phidia been made very poor, for it has come that neither jewels nor dresses, phaetons nor ponies, have power to add a new or a fresh sensation; and so, even in the first blush of a blooming girlhood, the child is found *ennuyée* and *distracte*.

How unlike is Phidia to the daughter of Ennea! comely, fresh damsel, where are we to seek her but in the dell where gather the butterflies? or in the rustic swing? or atop the gate-post which gives entrance to Lysander's drive? or astraddle some high-up limb which yields her dainty harvest? or busy at work among hills of sand left by the diggers on the stream's bank? or knee-deep, wading in the waters? or chasing, hair flowing, and with wild halloo, the colt that plays his pranks in the pasture-field? What knows the glad-eyed birdling of ennui?—as little as she knows of vespertine or matinée,—and as little will she be apt to learn of the first for years as the wisdom of her training will surely withhold from her young age unsatisfying excitements which might serve alone to rob her of the wealth

in which she is now so rich, yet having nothing of like value to give in return.

Not to know of superfluous things is not to lack them ; to keep one's self separated from unnecessary indulgences is the same as neither needing nor desiring such things. So if it be that the flower may take the place of the ribbon, the dewdrop the place of the diamond, wherein is the distinction as a true wealth is concerned ? Is not a flower quite as pretty as a ribbon ? And what stone has ever outshone the glisten of a dewdrop as first touches it the light of the morning sun ?

Two sides has life, wisely asserts Alcmaeon ; surely it is the part of wisdom that a man seek to live as continuously as possible on the bright side. Three sons had Hegesistratus ; of the trio was Democritus. When the estate of the father was divided, this wisest of the three took the smallest portion, because it was in money. Despising luxury, even as he despised fame, the boy spent his all in the study of that beautiful world which his own grand nature so fully qualified him to appreciate. Ah ! my Scholar, how truly would the Abderitan have enjoyed this quiet stream-side ; he who sought the stillness of tombs that he might get away from the confusions of men ; he who garnered to himself so much of virtue that men changed their laws in order that honors might be paid the mortal who could recite the glories of his "Great World"—of that great world scarcely better known by the mass of human kind than by the brutes ! Too rich a thing is life, my Lysias, to be thrown away or held cheap ! A wonderful turning about would that be which opened eyes should direct. Shall we, my Scholar, waste of

these privileged hours because that even our own conjunctiva bears the nictitating membrane? rather let us tear away the sight-covering film, that we may gain to ourselves understanding of things as they are, and not as they are seen through a cloud.

He who seeks solitude finds waiting for him God——and the demi-gods. He who searches after the dryads will find them, if he look long enough, in the swaying willow-branches; in the creeping things under the leaves; “in the smooth holly’s green eternity.”

———“The passions, gently smooth’d away,  
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy  
Alone are waking.”

Only in the stillness of quiet ways and places is it that the language of trees and stones, of crawling vines and running brooks, is to be heard by mortals; and so all-alluring and so enticing are the sweet words spoken by these inanimate things, that, as has been well remarked by Zimmermann, a man must have heed to himself if he lose not all relish for every other pleasure and be brought not to the neglect of every employment which tends to interrupt the gratification of the enchanting propensity——for the language to which one listens in solitude is the undefiled speech of God; what else, my Lysias, might come to the mortal, in hearkening to such discourse, but ravishment? It is, that soul communes with soul.

To look at Life truly and well is to esteem it from that distant stand-point which has in it no note of the little things about which men fret, and over which a present is but too commonly all frittered away. How

insignificant is seen to be the trouble of yesterday ! how trifling the vexations of the year passed away ! Yet because that these troubles and these vexations were not interpreted when present, man robbed his treasury of its brightest coins that immunity might be bought of that which, when inquired into and understood, is felt to be of no more consequence than a scare-crow. A quaint thing is it that a common crow shows greater penetration than does a man, for the bird leaves not the grain because of the flutter of a bunch of rags.

It is, my Scholar, that Vaocluse is not alone six leagues from Avignon, but that it is everywhere that Avignon is not. Might not a Petrarch find in this quiet wood inspiration for his canzoni as well as foundation for his dwelling-place ? If the Song of Laura be in the ear of the De Sade, is there not here music to which the gods themselves delight to hearken ? What sweeter retirement than this might have offered to the Poet the consolations of its solitude ? What constancy is seen more constant than this found in the loves of the dryads ? Do not the willow-branches toy eternally with the water ? And do not the holly-berries grow brighter as the winter approaches ? The dryads are ever young, and the running stream is immortal.

IV.

CONCERNING THE AVOIDANCE OF  
UNQUIET HOURS.

" Lord, would men let me alone,  
What an over-happy one  
Should I think myself to be !  
Might I in this desert place,  
Which most men in discourse disgrace,  
Live but undisturbed and free !  
Here, in this despised recess,  
Would I, maugre Winter's cold  
And the Summer's worst excess,  
Try to live out to sixty full years old ;  
And all the while,  
Without an envious eye  
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,  
Contented live, and then contented die !"

**I**F men would only let one alone ! But men will not let one alone. Also are there a multitude of things besides men that will not let one alone : a man's temperament will not let him alone ; his necessities will not let him alone ; complications, if he be fool-hardy enough to enter upon them, will not let him alone ; disease will not let him alone ; and if, in ignorance and in misunderstanding of the laws of life, he accus-

tom himself to the artificial requirements of perverted appetites, it may chance to happen that he find his liberty of action so interfered with that in cap and apron he be thrust into his own kitchen,—a scullion to the imperative demands of a merciless taskmaster.

——But heed, Lysias: just how much a man is to find himself let alone, or how much interfered with, depends on himself. One's boot is to have its polish preserved by being kept out of the gutter.

It is as much a fact as it should be a matter for wonderment, that while the sensibility of men recoils at the idea of a "hair shirt," it is the exception with the race where such character of garment is not most eagerly sought after and assumed; and this under the hallucination, apparently, that a particular one solicited has nothing of the prickle in it, but that both warp and woof are silken. Even stranger, perhaps, than the putting on of such a robe is the continuous wearing of one; men enduring day after day the stinging and the smarting, yet coming never to see the cause of the worrying and goading under which they suffer; going down even unto the grave with bowed heads and sore backs, crying and groaning under what is oftentimes deemed a burden too grievous to be borne, and yet, to all appearance, as unconscious as an Anencephalus that in so simple a thing as the change of a habit is to be found freedom from that which so afflicts and distresses them.

No, Lysias, it is not alone one's fellows that will not let him be; much rather is it a man's self that afflicts himself: each insists on a hair shirt, and deems himself kept from his privileges until he gets one wrapped



about him; the laborer will strive to be master, and the master will strive to go on until he sinks under the weight and the worriment of a wealth of hair shirts, in which he delights to exhibit his cut and flayed body.

Heed! It is the office of philosophy to distinguish between hair and silk: a true philosopher has never yet been met with having on his back a hair shirt.

It is with men who have wisdom, Lysias, as it was with Socrates when the sage admitted the goodness yet recognized an unfitness in the defence prepared for him by thy namesake the Athenian orator. "It is a very fine speech, Lysias," he said, "but it is not suitable for me, being the speech of a lawyer rather than of a philosopher." "But how," replied Lysias, "if it is a good speech, should it not be suitable to you?" "Just as," answered Socrates, "fine clothes and handsome shoes would not be suitable to me."

To comprehend the law of fitness is to come to the possession of a most desirable kind of knowledge. Heed! If one would have himself famous, if he would be worldly successful, if he would find himself able to minister in satiety to the demands of the body, if he would be praised by men for stability and be admired by them for a fixedness in purpose,—the secret of the success lies in polishing knife-blades; or, better still, in giving one's self to the business of pointing pins.

It seems a very mean office, Lysias; but pointing pins is the business of men in general; and this, or the polishing of knife-blades, is considered by most people the only office to which one is justified in devoting himself. Who is it that we know that is not hard at work in one or the other of these occupations? And

where is the man who is ever found to raise his eyes from the work? Ah, Lysias, thou noble-born and gentle-bred, what is to save thy fledging wings from the scissors-blades of the insignificant?

Come, my Scholar, we will not at least be found wanting in an understanding of the things that most immediately concern us: if it must be that our shoulders are to receive the gold-woven, poisoned garment of Medea, we will carry beneath the robe the so little-known antidote,—if this we may come at; or, if it is to be learned that pointing pins is the only occupation which may worthily employ the lifetime of a God-imaged man, let me help thee find a bench, that thou get to the work as speedily as possible.

—But the Talker with skin-dressers found that when the nostrils were elevated there were other odors besides the stench of decaying offal; and while, because of the discovery, no leather-seller was found tempted to leave his shop, yet had Socrates a lesson which, when utilized, yielded him the fresher airs of the Acropolis and the Piræus. Let us, Lysias, learn too, if we may, the road that leads to the Port; or, better still, let us not forget the beautiful images found by Praxiteles in the quarries at Pentelicus.

To live comfortably, one needs to consider the place in which one finds himself. Thus, if Posidonius, with whom we sojourn, asserts wealth and high health to be good, let us not, with Hecaton, deny too strenuously that pleasure is good because that there be disgraceful pleasures; and let us not, when we rest with Chrysippus, prate over-freely of the Orestes of Euripides, for such prating makes neither better nor worse the tragedy,

while yet it may not fail in bringing to us odium from those who affirm that if the gods use logic it is doubtless that of Chrysippus. Not, however, is it meant by this that a man is to be all things to all men ; on the contrary, only that man walks in uprightness who is steady to an end and purpose. Yet is it seen that one finds himself able to get along the faster does he not stop too frequently to combat follies which he may not mend, and he who grows aggressive loses only too soon the influence retained by him who ventures alone to be suggestive ; for meant Antisthenes, think you, to applaud or to treat lightly the policy of an evil habit when, condoling with the threatened adulterer, he exclaimed, " Oh, unhappy man ! how much danger could you have avoided for a single obol ! " And put not Diogenes much of wisdom in his speech when, learning that the Athenians had voted that Alexander was Bacchus, he exclaimed simply, " Vote, too, that I am Serapis ! " Was not Copernicus wiser than Galileo ? a Descartes of greater worldly acumen than a Spinoza ? It is scarcely to be denied, Lysias, that persistence in the use of a single word was the explanation of all the wretchedness that an unsympathizing age heaped upon the God-intoxicated Jew ; and it would have been quite as easy, and many times more effective, had the Enthusiast said " Noumenon " in place of " Substance. "

A hypocrite, thou sayest, was Copernicus to his highest convictions. Let a man speak as there is in him to teach.

Good, Lysias ; but men who desire to get along on easy terms with their fellows give not offence in their

speaking, save from necessity; not with the Pythagoreans are they accustomed

" If by chance they see  
A private individual abroad,  
To try what power of argument he has,  
How he can speak and reason, and then bother him  
With strange antitheses and forced conclusions,  
Errors, comparisons, and magnitudes,  
Till they have filled and quite perplexed his mind."

——And then, again, Modesty is a jewel which is becoming to every complexion; and never is it to be forgotten that a man may only see according to the lobes which receive the impressions of his retinae. Who might apprehend the subjectiveness of Matter, save him that has the sense of Apprehension?\* or who understand severalty in oneness, but him that has Soul? A learned man is to speak his lore only among his peers, and this for the double reason that either he will find himself misunderstood and perhaps laughed at, or otherwise his erudition shall serve alone to confound and confuse.

There are two things, my Lysias, which it well becomes the seeker after true living to consider: the first of these being Character, the second, Reputation.

Character belongs to that which makes its impression through example, not through words; for never has a man grown better himself or assisted to make others better by an austerity of tongue which finds naught but ill words for ill doers. And then again, my Lysias, who in fault-finding may be sure that he himself is not in fault? for of a truth may it not be that

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\* See "Two Thousand Years After."

the virtue of one is the virtue of all ; and as this none better than a wise man knows, so he who has learned of the fallacies of judgment hesitates long before pronouncing either on error or truth. To be presumptuous is not only to be of ill repute among one's fellows, but is, of necessity, to be ignorant and weak ; for was it not he whom the Delphian oracle pronounced the wisest of men whose constant asseveration was that "that alone which he knew was, that he knew nothing" ? and was the greatness of Antisthenes less conspicuous in the modesty of the answer which directed him who had asked what a man could do to show himself upright and honorable, "to attend to those who understand the subject and learn from them to shun bad habits" ? Shall Zeno, who thanks the gods that the shipwreck which has destroyed his goods has left him his mind, too hastily find fault with Hyperides, who wins a cause for Phryne through the irresistible arguments of her beautiful person ? and shall the stoic condemn Menelaüs because the blood-stained sword grows powerless against the divine beauty of Troy's exquisite Helen ? Was it with uneducated judgment that Theætetus perceived that a man might not boast himself on his ancestors, "as that, by the myriad of ages of succession, each must have had grandsires among whom there must have been an innumerable multitude of rich and poor, kings and slaves, barbarians and Greeks ? And to refer one's origin to Hercules, son of Amphitryon, is absurd from its littleness, and is to be laughed at, as such seem unable to compute, and so rid themselves of the vaunting of a silly mind, that the five-and-twentieth ancestor from Amphitryon, and the fiftieth from him, was such

as fortune happened to make him. In all these things, therefore, such a man is ridiculed by the multitude, partly from bearing himself haughtily, and partly from not knowing what is at his feet."

Again, Lysias, is it not to be accounted virtue to an ill man in that he keeps others from evil through the disgust engendered of his loathsome traits? And who shall say this nay, if in the bad of one is found the good of two?—a paradox, truly, yet who shall fairly gainsay it?

Turn we now for a moment to the thing known as reputation. He who would be reputed wise must be content to be ignorant, for, as it is impossible for a truly wise man to be aught else than humble,—and humble does a man grow in proportion as he grows wise,—so without pretension shall a man attain to little present fame; for hath it not been wisely written that "it is well to be something besides a coxcomb, for our own sake as well as that of others; but to be born wholly without this faculty or gift of Providence, a man had better have had a stone tied about his neck and been cast into the sea"?

—And what was it that Touchstone said? "If you have not seen the court, your manners must be naught; and if your manners are naught, you must be damned!"

It is then, Lysias, for a man to decide which he shall most enjoy and most prefer, reputation or character; and this is the same as saying, the world or one's self; or, if one would have both, he shall stand a best chance in coming to the possession through an understanding and reconciliation of the distinctions that exist between them.

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility;  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean."

Living implies necessarily reputation and character; living is the making or the unmaking of one's self. The poet is wrong: that which grows "modest stillness" may not breed the "action of the tiger;" for who that has ascended into the empyrean shall descend to snarl and growl with brutes? Personal vanity is incompatible with the great and the ideal, and it would seem that one is to elect whether he be mighty or little, God-like or brute-like.

But, thou askest, is it well for a man that he grow out of his human nature and attributes?

This, Lysias, is not what is meant; for a highest wisdom directeth that each and everything doeth best when it fulfils the offices of its intention; but, man being of a compound capability, the soul—if he be possessed of one—is not to be made a minister to the body; this is indeed degrading a noble office.

Thou repeatest the oft-told saying, that "the flesh is apt to be found stronger than the soul."

Nothing of the body, my Lysias, grows and prospers but as blood is given to the part. Hath not he who hammers, biceps that are like unto the iron of his



anvil? and were not the calf-muscles of Jatus, who danced, a marvel to him who dissected the leg? how else than through exercise has grown the deforming passion of Zuras? The soul of a man it is, my scholar, which is the functioning agent to highest offices: give this the excess of pabulum, and baser organs wither and dry up, even as shrivel the things of the field in absence of showers.

But, thou askest, may a man will such direction of his blood?

What, Lysias, if one eat a meal of meat and then walk, directs he not the blood from the stomach to the legs? and, while in action, is his meal not left undigested? does one ponder problems without calling this same blood to the brain? or may a man use mightily his arms without having the excess in these organs? Accept that it is the case that one may give or withhold as he resolves, and that he who wills to give the fuel of the blood to the offices of his higher nature grows and advances into noble things; while, on the contrary, he who, like unto Zuras, gives the excess to the passions of the corporeal body descends equally into the low and mean. Zuras himself it is who at times perceives the weed-raggedness of his soil, and wonders that his ground bears no fruit; but did ever one cultivate a field of grain with half the pertinacity with which these weeds are pandered to, and not have as much of good as has Zuras of evil?

Reputation may be true, or it may be false; not unapt is it to be the latter, for it is a something external to the possessor; but character, as has been happily remarked, "is the spiritual atmosphere of a man, and it



is as inseparable from him as is the fragrance of a rose from the rose itself. In the glance of the eye, in the tones of the voice, in mien and gesture, character discloses itself. No one shall mistake Circe for Diana." Reputation may be made by seeming, character can only be in being; for is it not observed, even by the least observant, that as is a man's life so does his face come to show what he is, and to express his nature?

But, thou suggestest, man may cheat himself of pleasure, which nature has created for him, by being over-fastidious, or by living in a false estimate of duty.

Have it as thou wilt, Lysias; yet, let a man say what he please and do of himself what he elects, he cannot run counter to the *Lex Dei* without incurring a penalty which proportions itself to the extent of his error. A natural law is there, which is always right, and which, of itself considered, leads a man never into error; but to live in society is not to live in natural law, and ever has it been found, and ever, I conceive, will it be found, that man seems to heed best the *Vox Dei* as he is found understanding and heeding the *vox populi*. Rest assured that that which is spoken by the common experience concerning matters in general is that which one does best in obeying.

It is, Lysias, that in nature there is no law more persistent than that of compensation: who cheats another cheats himself, who murders another murders himself; and the cheating and the murder are immediate,—not less that which is had than that which is done.

The temptations of the body, it is to be repeated, are things fully and entirely of temperament, and temperament is a thing of birth and construction, and

signifies what manner of action shall be the habits of the natural man. A man does not make his temperament,—but he may direct its offices.

For a man to live in law is nothing more nor less than that he live in the experience of a common good, let such law be moral or statute; and while there may well arise occasions on which a law may seem to bear harshly and heavily, yet will a wise man cheerfully endure the apparent evil for the reason of the good which lies behind. Too much is not to be condemned that crucifixion of the flesh which finds not compensation in an appreciation of higher pleasure secured by the crucifixion; such dolor belongs not to the ways of nature, and he is but a weak and timid man who, through fear of some distant ill, denies himself that which constitutes a heaven in the present. It is, my Lysias, to be taught that pleasure is the fulness of living, and that he acts with truest wisdom who gets the most out of Time without considering that unappreciated thing so loosely styled Eternity. I do commend to thee, my Lysias, that thou enjoy that which is most enjoyable; and if, perchance, it shall be felt by thee after trial and experience that the pleasures of the body are of truer import than are those of the soul,—why, I as warmly commend thee to hold to the former and eschew the latter, being satisfied that this I would incline to do of myself, having, as the object, to get the most out of life.\*

A Truth would it seem to be that Duty is prated too much in the ears of men: discharge of Duty is reputa-

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\* See the Author's book entitled "Two Thousand Years After."

tion, not character. Law, truly understood, is pleasure, not duty ; for it is the office and meaning of law to select as its highest good that which has found in it the most of enjoyment ; so it is that he who lives in law lives in the highest pleasure,—as the meaning of such highest pleasure has been worked out through the misses, the follies, and the successes of the men of his time and generation,—and in accepting law, as man finds it, the individual comes at once to the good and escapes the evil.

Shall we, my Lysias, compare the stone hand and the club arm of ages past—the slaying and the fearing—to the skilled fingers which to-day bring from silent lyres sweet sounds? Shall we not liken these members, stretched forth to protect and shield, to that peace which fears not, neither slays?

It is found ever the case, my scholar, that the changes made by mankind, the persistent changes, are resultant of his experiences. Men have bartered the thews of steel for the muscles of flesh, that skill, not brute force, shall supply wants ; and the rude animal has been succeeded by the intellectual man, that joy should advance from sensual to the sensuous. Wilt thou, Lysias, fit thyself, with Caravaggio, to produce great pictures? or wilt thou remain Amerighi and grind colors?

“ The youth who bathes in pleasure’s tempting stream  
At well-judged intervals feels all his soul  
Nerved with recruited strength ; but if too oft  
He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,  
It chills his languid virtue.”

Vice is that which deforms and which deteriorates, and that which makes beautiful is the reverse of vice :

he, then, who would be beautiful in his nature must be virtuous for the sake of beauty; and he who would have character must consider the elevating and ennobling, that thus he may get clear of humors which debase and which pull down. "Sorrow," wisely has written a learned Knight of St. Michael, "sorrow attends vice, for there is in it so manifest a deformity and inconvenience that perhaps they are nearest right who say that it is begot by stupidity and ignorance. Vice leaves, like an ulcer in the flesh, repentance in the soul, which is always scratching and lacerating itself: for reason effaces all other griefs and sorrows, but it begets that of repentance, which is so much the more grievous by reason it springs within, as the cold and heat of fevers are more sharp than those which only strike upon the outward skin. I hold for vices—but every one according to its proportion—not only those which reason and nature condemn, but those which the opinion of men, though false and erroneous, has made such, if authorized by law and custom."

Let the wise man accept, Lysias, that the laws of his day are the criterion of its virtues; thus shall he assure himself that in heeding the injunctions of the laws he pursues the path of justice and propriety, and that in squaring the appetites and the inclinations of the natural man with the directed line, he performs only that which is akin with the action of the simple who, to save being burned, draw themselves a little farther from the flame of the life-sustaining fire.

Come we back now to thy question concerning a nobleness of disposition which finds itself above circumstances and surroundings.

It would seem to be the case that each age brings forth leaders whose mission it is to carry onward the true liberty of human actions. How it comes that such offices are distributed, whether by some special selection of which we wot not, or whether of some accidental conformation of that engine, the brain, which affords the soul wider language, it is the same to us, in that we know that leaders are born. Are the Tables of the Law less an illumination that one may doubt that the voice which uttered them spoke from a bush of flame? Is the "Zend Avesta" less of Ormuzd that the Persians should have received it through Zoroaster? Who will, with wisdom, deny that highest law of the age, as found in Christ, because that he understands not the miracle of the Deus in carne? And is it not the case that always does the lesser give way to the greater? Might the rude Bactrian stand before the Persian philosopher, or Moses before the higher evolution of the second Adam? What shall defend the insensibility of Epictetus against the sensibility of Epicurus? Or who fail to distinguish that the Dæmon of Socrates is of wider and fuller perception than that which is the judgment of Theætetus?

Who is to be selected for the holding of highest things it is not, perhaps, for mortals to say; yet through meditation, and through the abstaining from things debasing, does a man find himself brought nigher and nigher unto that which dispenses; and if it be that a good falls not first into his own fountain, being close by, it comes the more quickly to his cistern, and is, in truth, not less his than had he been the first to receive it.

It is a soul of good growth, my Lysias, which has

gained to that mastery of the body by which it is able to direct the mortal in the rules of its surroundings; more and more of the God contains that temple which finds itself ever being lifted from its earthly foundation towards higher place. Ah, my Scholar, who but he that has attained to high things shall understand how much of purer and sweeter contains the air on the mountain than has that which carries the miasm of the valley? and if it haps not to him of the valley to envy him of the mountain, it is only because of the stupor engendered of the poison he respires. "I care not," said the thoughtful Gascon, "so much what I am in the opinion of others as what I am in my own."

He who seeks reputation has left him but little time in which to make character; so also he who works and strives alone for gold finds out all too soon that little by little has his soul been crushed out of him—if perchance he ever came to the possession of one—through the incumbrance heaped upon it. It will come, my Lysias, sooner or later, to every man to understand that reputation is a bauble and a fool's rattle. Is it not to be of reputation to have great means, to entertain many people, to have gay houses and fine equipages? and are not all such matters apt to be found hindrances to noble living? are not these things to all of us as gilded chains which we do hug the closer even as lower and lower they sink us? Who is the second Monimus that, for his soul's health, shall find strength to break the bands and cast them from him? Who, alas! my Scholar, are held more firmly bound in such devil-forged links than thou and he who would teach thee?

Who that considers self too closely ever has attained,

or ever shall attain, to high purpose? Is man anything outside of the God which may be in him? And what has the All-Giving, the All-Blessing, to do with laudation? Does not the heat of the sun fructify through that which it is? scatter not the clouds their crystals of life? comes not the immortal breath in the way of every man?

He who caters for reputation would seem of necessity to cater to the dishonest and the untrue. Is it here that is found the absence of everything but mediocrity in the annals of to-day? Who is he that shall be the messenger of newest truths, delivering the words as they are told him? Does not man in his books twist and turn inspirations that, to his readers, the lines shall seem to smack of his own individuality? Who harangues the multitude but that he dresses the immortal in the garb of the mortal, speaking words which suit his own ends, rather than giving forth that which is poured for its purpose into him as into a transmitting vessel?

Self-abnegation is the first step in the way to true greatness. Shall wiser words be spoken than those which the lips of a Fichte have uttered? "So long as man yearns to be anything, God does not come to him, for no man can become God. So soon, however, as he purely and radically annihilates himself, God alone remains, and is all in all." It is to be understood, Lysias, that mire and cleanliness are incompatible, and it belongs much to a man's free will to elect whether he be clean or dirty. "You understand me ill," said Sancho XII., King of Navarre, to those engaged in buckling on his armor, as they remarked his trembling;



“for could my flesh know the danger my courage will presently carry it into, it would sink down to the ground.”

The Infinity it is, asserts Anaximander, that is the sum of the all! and may the man of to-day do better than respect the belief of the son of Praxiadas?

“Ye have that virtue in you, whose just voice  
Uttereth counsel, and whose word should keep  
The threshold of assent; here is the source  
Whence cause of merit in you is derived,  
E'en as the affections good or ill she takes,  
Or severs, winnowed as the chaff.” \*

It is the fixed and abiding belief of thy teacher, O my scholar, gained from insight into a nature even so crude and unrefined as is his own, that a man may come to purge himself of his body, even as a body can purge itself of its dross; and that as a purged body grows into comfort with cleanliness, so it comes to an unshackled soul to grow capable through riddance of that which, in a way, acts as clogs to it. And just here is it, my Lysias, had it been understood, should his age have searched for, and found, the meaning of that, to them, most foolish thing,—the Idealism of the miscomprehended Berkeley.

Heed, my scholar! there exist, not less to-day than in the time of Epicurus, pleasures of the body and pleasures of the soul. And it is not less true now than it has been of all time that as the one or the other of these comes to exclusive exercise and employment, so that which is neglected falls into an atrophy which is

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\* Dante, *Purgatorio*.



its destruction. It is, then, for a man to inquire of himself what he will be ; for even as the practice of a thing makes one perfect in that thing, so is it that cultivation induces fatness, while disuse or misdirection entails leanness.

I would offer, thou sayest, a new reading of Cloyne's Bishop.

If so, my scholar, good ; let us, however, take to ourselves the lesson contained in such a reading. In a sense was the Idealist right when he affirmed that it was not the eyes that looked ; but it is the case that some of these organs seem fitted for close seeing, others for long ; so truly is it, in like manner, that differences in the human soul are found. Some men are so deficient in the God, having cultivated alone the animal, that one might find it hard to discover within them anything divine ; others there are, on the contrary, who are little less than all god, and their bodies seem carried by the soul, rather than the soul by the body.

"A. Eagle, why fly you o'er this holy tomb ?  
Or are you on your way, with lofty wing,  
To some bright starry domicile of the gods ?

B. I am the image of the soul of Plato,  
And to Olympus now am borne on high :  
His body lies in his own native Attica.

"Here in her bosom does the tender earth  
Embrace great Plato's corpse. His soul aloft  
Has ta'en its place among the immortal gods,  
Ariston's glorious son, whom all good men,  
Though in far countries, hold in love and honor,  
Remembering his pure and godlike life."

To Berkeley ascribes Pope "every virtue under heaven." "Whether this man is greater of head than

of heart," asks a biographer, "who shall answer?" And say, my Lysias, may a man come to such attainments of the soul without he at the same time grow out of the weaknesses of the body? And as he who lives on the mountain has wider outlook than he of the valley, is it not to be felt that this "Idealism" of the philosopher had origin in that sense of nothingness of the body which is recognized when comparison is made between soul and things corporeal? Think you, my scholar, that an Aristotle recognized not the outgrowth of the "soul" from the body? And have no others save Alexandrians come to know of that "ecstasy" through which mortal becomes immortal? Let us, as well we may, ascribe it to Berkeley, that in the cultivation of the things of the soul he did so ennoble his being, did so grow out of the things of the flesh, that well might he come to doubt if aught had real existence save soul. Seest thou not here character? did not the face and actions of this mortal shine with a glory which concealed the flesh and apotheosized the man? and was not this apotheosis seen of all?

Always look well, Lysias, before making a step, and trust not to any judgment unless that its conclusions be well and fully analyzed. Knowledge, taught Socrates, is to have its value estimated by its utility; and the sage spoke with a meaning that the prudent man cannot afford to overlook.

Whatever may be the speculations of the philosophers, and however plausible may he seem whom we read last, yet will we prove wise in not allowing ourselves to forget that ever has it proven to be the case that even those esteemed the most learned, as in example

might be mentioned a Plato and an Aristotle, are not unlike, because of weakness in premise and data, to make dissertations which, while they may look and feel like gold, have in them intrinsically less value than have structures of honest brass. Neither are we, my scholar, to forget the sophisms of Carneades uttered before Cato; nor yet overlook that it was one not less learned in all the sciences and philosophies of his day than Pyrrho, who ended his career with the injunction, "Let no man assert that he knows anything."

A true knowledge, then, my Lysias, finds its nucleus in an understanding of the things which immediately surround a man: that is, he is to distinguish the meaning of things, *ad mensuram*,—the butter of the cow from the butter of antimony; he is to understand the value of the money with which he trades; to know that there are counterfeits in symbols—and as well in men; is to understand that an umbrella is for protection against rain, and that turned against an excess of sunshine it is not without its good; that couches afford rest to limbs that are wearied, while sleep restores lost force. Knowledge puts the fork in place of the finger, and saves, through the use of the delicate knife, the rude tearing of flesh by the eye-teeth; it engenders refinement by proscribing what is indelicate; points out straight paths in place of those which are crooked; guards one against surfeit by teaching what is temperance; keeps one in safety by exposing what is dangerous; in short, the first steps in learning pertain to the things of the first steps in life,—the ditch which crosses the road is to be reckoned before planispheres are invented.

To have what the world calls *uncommon sense* and yet to be without the common every-day judgment of the practical man is scarcely to be possessed of true wisdom. "O beloved Pan!" cried Plato, "and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I have may be at peace with those within. May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ."

It is a question of first importance to almost every man how he shall order his efforts so as to secure to himself maintenance; and this, my scholar, is a matter of such practical signification, that we may well be justified if we pause in our discourse to seriously consider upon it. The stomach-full is not the heart-full; let us not, Lysias, overlook this, for see you not that which was beneath the surface in that reply of Diogenes, wherein he affirmed that he would rather lick up salt at Athens than enjoy all luxuries with Craterus? and was there not depth of wisdom in the rejoinder which sneered at the advice of a Plato to court Dionysius rather than wash vegetables in the market-place? "To know," says a writer, "when we are young, or to be able to do when we are old: here indeed would be wealth." And what may one who would get wisdom do better than gather from the garner of the experienced?

Of the common follies, Lysias, which experience exhibits as among the greatest, is to be noted one through which is being brought into the world more

of misery and misfortune than arises perhaps from all others: I allude to that foolish vanity which prompts husbandmen and sons of husbandmen to aspire to what they deem the more exalted station of the town; as if, forsooth, he who stands behind a counter bedecked and befurbelowed with laces and ruffs is half so nobly employed as he who in the bright sunlight stands face to face with his Creator, and who, in unison with nature, lives in a law of true self-support. Can it be otherwise than that the broad acres are left for the narrow confines of the shop but at the expense of a step downward? And shall what are called the learned professions offer wider fields in which to run the mental cultivator than are found in glebes and valleys which are as laboratories in science and pulpits wherefrom ever resound poems and orations? What a weak, silly boy, and how much in need of leading-strings, is he who envies the cleaner-dressed shop-tender! Is it not, my sturdy, brown-fingered lad, a miracle to raise an ear of golden corn? And is it any more than thy sister could as easily do to measure yards of tape? Cease, in thy envyings, to play the fool, and look to it that the greatest wisdom of the world is found to recognize the advantages of the farm and here to seek what elsewhere it has never been able to discover.

“ The smallest dust which floats upon the wind  
Bears the strong impress of the eternal mind,  
In mystery round it subtle forces roll,  
And gravitation binds and guides the whole;  
In every sand, before the tempest hurled,  
Lie locked the powers which regulate a world;  
And from each atom human thought may rise  
With might to pierce the mysteries of the skies,—

To try each force which rules the mighty plan  
Of moving planets or of breathing man,  
And from the secret wonders of each sod  
Evoke the truths and learn the power of God."

Also is it found that in the family relation lies a chief source of man's happiness. Now, in country living does such relation find a highest development, while it is undeniably the case that the herding together in great cities is destructive to all that is most beautiful and tender in such ties; and this exists in the fact that to the husbandman increase of family is increase of wealth, whereas to him of the town a large family is too often found synonymous with large distress; this arising not in lack of natural affection, but in the disturbance of that law of demand and supply which must increase as they who consume overcount those who produce; for is it not plainly seen that as Midas cannot nourish himself upon the gold that he coins, some one must of necessity raise of the things of the earth that excess over his own wants which shall serve to feed the money-stamper? and if it be that coiners outnumber plowmen, so want must come apace, attacking first him who has least to pay, and in time being felt by every man who himself produces not.

What a false sight is that which sees not the under-surface of the purple and fine linen, as if, indeed, to be clean externally is necessarily to be the same all the way through! The husbandman coming into the house of the citizen and looking little beyond the door through which he has entered imagines a peculiar comfort in all that meets his view, and in contrast with his own plain-furnished domicile repines at a lot the bright side

of which he refuses to look upon. Let him the rather go forth with the master of the house, a physician is he perhaps, and while the night wears drearily along together shall they wait in the noisome court, or from street to street seek the embarrassing in those whose call they attend; a surgeon is he perhaps, and a fractured limb that refuses to unite holds vigil about the sleepless pillow, with its threatenings of a sad result; a merchant maybe, and angry creditors and delinquent debtors conspire to make hard the couch and to banish appetite from the table; or perhaps the citizen is a speculator, and the fluctuations of his investments so constantly threaten reverses as to deprive him of all sense of solid ownership in what even the people call his, and engender a feverish unrest which renders it simply a matter of time how long he may resist his wear and tear.

Not is it to be understood, my Lysias, that all merchants are bankrupt or that all speculators are unsuccessful; yet no hesitation is to be felt in declaring that the life of the husbandman is most in accord with nature, and that that which is in such accord must have in it the greatest chance for happiness.

But the husbandman is in fault in that he does not cultivate the æsthetic. That his home is too often a dreary spot and his surroundings uninviting is the fault neither of house nor farm, but lies rather in his own ill tastes and habits; for who may be without the beautiful having evening clouds for pictures? or who have curtainless windows while vines grow which give not only pleasant shade but yield as well fragrant smells?

There is absence of Knowledge in the full coffer and



the empty head. What son or what daughter but shall be brought to an ill judgment when are perceived in a vocation naught but work and sleep, naught but boiled bacon and the refuse vegetables of the garden? shall such not come naturally to envy him to whom are carried the fatted lamb, the fresh and succulent melon? A pitiable and sad sight is it to look into the rooms of multitudinous country-houses, created apparently with the double purpose of neutralizing cheerfulness and mingling chills with young blood; one accustomed to brighter things must needs exert himself to repress the shudder which comes of simply passing the shut doors of such apartments. And how many such places are there which picture themselves in our associations! lintels so low that one must stoop the head in passing, and yet of such breadth as to recall the door-jambs of an Egyptian tomb; fire-dogs, supporting the cheerful brand only on funeral or christening occasions, glistening in the gloom with the glare of a just dead *noli-metangere*; the everlasting curtains of green paper, half rolled and string-tied, vying with the tightly-bolted shutters as to which shall create greater gloom; the flat seats of hair-cloth, and the coffin-like nails of a company-sofa,—all, all of them bought and kept for the ornamentation of such delectable places and the keeping away of God's heart-cheering mercies!

A servant, my Lysias, may be richer than the master; inasmuch as to the windows of his cabin there are no shutters, no green-paper curtains, no fire-dogs upon his unpainted hearth too good for use, no parlor-seats with backs never out of the vertical, no sofa with coffin-nails, no lack of sunshine.



There is absence of Knowledge when the young man buying his carriage considers alone the gloss of the varnish, measuring not the strength of the axle, neither weighing the uses for which the vehicle is needed. There is lack of Wisdom where the painted cheek is allowed to count for more than the unpainted heart, and where wit is suffered to stand for more than judgment. Beautiful is the neck that shames the jewel, and fairer than pearls are teeth through which ebb and flow the translucent; a scatterer of golden dust, each atom drunk with sunlight, is the blonde curl; and sweeter than frankincense is the passion-bearing breath of beauty: but a wealth of charms may come to sink into the recesses of a *skeleton that is beneath*; light-scattering teeth may fall amongst black holes and repel amorous kisses; gold-dropping tresses may give away the sun for things suggestive of decay; and frankincense comes at last, in spite of its purity, to be lost and swallowed up in the septic. It is lack of Wisdom to lean too heavily upon tender things.

No Knowledge is there where a man is led to find beauty and goodness and grace greater in another than in his own. He who baits for trout is not apt to find himself hooking the minnow; eyes which look forward see not things which are behind. An Angel imagined, flesh and blood etherealize themselves in the vision. That which was, let it be forever. As form changes, let change the eyes which look.

“Thou wert a worship in the ages olden,  
Thou bright, veiled image of divinity;  
Crowned with such beams, imperial and golden,  
As Phidias gave to immortality!”

I think, my Lysias, that of the multitude of foolish people to be met with in the world there is no man more silly than he who estranges from him wife and children that he may waste his time, his morals, and his soul's health in search of other objects of gratification. Hear Zuras prate of the beauty and grace of Phryne. Was there ever, to believe him, such harmony as lives in the shades of her wardrobe? And do not fields of odor, he asks, exhale from her lips? Great fool! let Zelia change the scanty and mean robe, which yearly he doles out to her, for the bright color of Phryne's dressing; let the jasmine be poured over the sorrow-whitening locks of the debased, degraded, and dejected one, and who then shall have the harmony and the fragrance? It is, my Scholar, as though one should cast mud over his own jewels, yet working incessantly to the polishing of strange stones, wondering all the while that as the one brightens the other dims. Zuras wonders what has robbed Zelia of her beauty.

Everything must be paid for with its price: a debt not cancelled to-day carries with it on the morrow an interest, and on another day this is compounded; and so it is that a dime becomes a dollar, a shilling a pound. When first came to the household the son now so feared and dreaded by Zuras, had not the boy dimples in his chubby cheeks? and were not the little arms ever stretching themselves, tendril-like, to take hold of the father? But Zuras, denied he not the support claimed? Was it not deemed of trouble to afford the little needed? And thus did it come that the tendrils finding nothing at home turned elsewhere. And where is

it that to-day the hands are clinging? Do they not shake trouble upon Zuras, even as worms fall into the mouth of him who lays him down beneath noisome vines? Is the boy not a bawd? and bids he not fair to outrun his exemplar in evil courses? And who made him a bawd and a shaker of evil things upon his household? Did ever any one hear sweet discourse between Zuras and the boy? Have these ever been seen arm in arm trudging through the lessons of the field, taking into their natures the instruction of woods and running streams?

——Was it not the rather that the boy learned first of things devious? Came there not to him as an early lesson a sense of things deceptive? Grew he not into his young manhood cognizant of a second current not like unto that flowing upon the surface? And thus, discovering hypocrisy in the father, might he be expected to deny in his own conduct the lesson of his life? Verily, what Zuras sowed, that is he reaping. Unquiet hours have come upon him. It was Zuras who would not let himself alone.

Heed, Lysias! the harvest is as the planting. See to it; if thou wouldst have pomegranates, that thou plant not Dead-Sea apples.

V.

CONCERNING THAT WHICH IT MOST  
PROFITS A MAN TO UNDERSTAND.

WHEN Pompey, on his way from Brundisium to Cilicia, made the historical visit to the queen city of the Grecians, that which most impressed him at the home of the philosophers was a line which met his eye as he turned to pass without the wall ; it was graven across the inner face of the exit-gate, and read thus :

*“ Know thyself a Man, but act the God.”*

It is chronicled, indeed, that so powerful was the influence exerted on the Roman by this line, that he was found, ever afterwards, to hold himself of more heroic and dignified presence, and that when sorrow came upon him the remembrance of it was as a shield into which even the dagger of a Theodotus could not enter.

Heed well, Lysias ! A man may accept wisely, with the “Imperator,” that in the Athenian injunction is to be found the whole meaning of a man’s life ; he who gets to himself its import has fastened to a rock from which he may no more be moved than might be

changed the place of a planet whose holding anchor is the law of gravitation.

“But is the import for every man? Is every man capable of taking it into himself, and of living with it?”

Thou shalt judge for thyself. Yet to understand it, implies that one come into such state of self-revelation as is alone to be found in an apprehension of the significance of Providence. To-day, Lysias, I would hold solemn converse with thee: thou wilt not deny me attentive ear. I would leave thee to-day having thee feel that Strength is no mystery, that Christ is no mystery, that even *to apprehend* of the God is not any more difficult a thing than it is *to comprehend* of the correlations and transmigrations of the entities Matter and Force. I desire to have thee understand, that—as the uses of a man are concerned—explanation of the meaning of the God lies within the human; that to apprehend God a man must turn his eyes from the sky, directing them towards his own heart.

On a yesterday it was suggested that unless a man has gotten to himself understanding of the meaning of Providence he acts not wisely in pushing inquiries too curiously; and this, for the reason that confusion must ensue, which confusion is as a pathway leading into blackness,—into a blackness profounder than that of Erebus, sorer than that which is said to come of being in the deepest parts of Tartarus.

Man is to assume that in knowledge is to be found the key to all mysteries: how the apple gets into a dumpling is an enigma to a fool; how Neptune dominates Georgium Sidus is a perplexity to the sciolist;

but the enigma is easily enough solved by a housewife, and the perplexity is not at all confusing to the learning of a Le Verrier.

It is written in the "*Arcana Cœlestia*," written, not only in a show, but out of the logic, of widest observation and experience, that man ought to be imbued with sciences and knowledges, since by these he learns to think, afterwards to understand what is true and good, and at length to grow wise. Plutarch, in his "*Morals*," has an injunction for such as would find good at the hands of the goddess-mother of Horus, which exhibits convictions entirely correspondent with the professed inspirations of the Mystic. "It is not in the nourishing of beard," taught this farthest-seeing of the pupils of Ammonius, "nor in the wearing of mantles that men find themselves philosophers; so neither do shaved heads nor human garments make priests to Isis; but he is the true priest of Isis, who, after he hath received from the laws the representations and actions that refer to the gods, doth next apply his reason to inquiry and speculation of the truths contained in them."

Such men, as will, grow into priests of Isis, and such are not to pursue their ministrations at the altar as automata make their marks; on the contrary, such are to come to an understanding of the meaning of themselves, and are to recognize with the Mystic that "true intelligence and wisdom consist in seeing and perceiving that they who will and do are they who are in the God, and in whom is the God." Also "that true intelligence leads one to understand that uses are subordinated in divine order, and that no man

who has attained to knowledge pretends to arrogate dignity to himself, but ascribes all dignity to the use ; and since the use is the good which he performs, and all good is from the God, therefore ascribes all dignity to the God. He, therefore, who thinks of honor as due to himself, and thence to use, and not to use, and thence to himself, cannot perform high offices, because he looks backward from the God by regarding himself in the first place, and use in the second."

*In the God ; the God in him.* This it is, Lysias. Here is the meaning of the human. Here is the simple, single difference between men and the other things of creation. That man who is not in the God ; in whom is not the God, differs alone in shape and aspect from the brutes, the vegetables, or the minerals. Such a man is to be accepted as having immortality after the manner of the immortality of Matter and Force existing duals : the pleasures and uses of such a man differ in nothing from the pleasures and uses of animals at large. *A Thing can know of itself, and of things which are without it, alone through the Senses found in its composition.* That man who is not a temple of the Holy Ghost, who has not as part of him the Sense of Godliness, can by no possibility know, save indirectly, of the God.

Would I imply that there are men who are as gods?

More even than this, Lysias. I maintain that analysis of creation exhibits that any and every thing seen in a man, which is neither Matter nor Force, is an immediate expression of that Severalty which, in its oneness, is the omnipotent God himself.—A priest of Isis is Isis : that is,—see that thou get it not wrong,—is Isis,



as a drop of water is the ocean : each particle being of the elements of the whole.\*

In Faith is the Ease of men : a man without faith is miserable, even though he have everything else ; who possesses this wealth is in comfort, though his morrow be without promise. Faith is strongest when its foundation is in understanding ; understanding arises out of a reading of the open pages of Nature : here, happily, words are of largest type, and the language is not without familiarity. I would assert that Faith and Knowledge are one and the same thing, even though it is seen to be the case that men are found having the former who are without the latter.—There are many, many paradoxes : thou wilt not be wrong in deeming this to be one of them. Let a man get to himself the meaning of Providence, and he has gotten the Alpha and the Omega of life-lessons ; he has found the meaning of—Ease.

“And can one understand, in truth, of this perplexity? Can comprehension be had of a meaning which is said to reside in a listening, hearing, answering Thing, which Thing is seen to pull down quite as often as it raises ; which is seen to menace not less frequently than it is recognized to bless?”

Softly, my friend. Cannot Lysias understand how it is that the stream upon the surface of which our boat is at this moment being floated, runs always towards the sea even though the earth be in constant rotation? May he not as well perceive that on reaching the main the water takes other motion which brings it back,

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\* For arguments, see “Two Thousand Years After.”



even to the mother spring; and that thus, though it is always going, it is ever coming; that indeed the water is ever here,—here in this valley which lies in its grand solitude between these mighty hills whose rugged, oaken-haired heads are held so proudly over us?—Ah! placid stream, little different from thy life is that of man's mortality; thy destiny is likewise the meaning of the human. Wheresoever thou art going, man goes; howsoever thou art coming, man comes; forever, beautiful thing, shalt thou be found flowing in this rock-bordered channel between the mountains; forever will Lysias and his friend be here to lave in thy everlasting freshness, and to drink in with greedy ear the song of thy rippling wavelets.

—Yet does the Life of a man, Lysias, differ from that of a down-gliding stream, in that the human has been made with hands which may hold oars.

—And still again does it differ from that of a down-gliding stream, in that the man is not less a creator than a created thing,—in that he needs alone to abnegate self in order to be able fully to comprehend why curses are as plentiful as blessings; why down-tearings are as frequent as up-liftings,—in order to understand that he himself is a cause of things over which he grieves, and at which he wonders,—in order to recognize the meaning of Providence. See to it, see to it, Lysias, that for the sake of thy manhood thou get understanding of what is here meant, and that for the sake of man's mission as he holds relation with his fellows, thou remain not longer without apprehension of the intention of thy creation.

The meaning of a man is in what he does, and in

what he becomes ; in whether he denies the God and remains an animal, or denies the animal and grows into the God.

The Miracle of the World is that of the Deus in carne. The lesson ever teaching itself to the observing is that the God does everything, but that everything is done through means ; that the God does all, yet the God does nothing. In this is, indeed, a miracle of miracles. Everything performs a part, things inanimate, as well as animated things ; rains descend and water the earth ; winds blow and freshen the atmosphere ; winters come and go, thus affording rest to the soil and renewal of its energy.—And men ; men, according to that which they are, eat grass and flesh with the brutes, or—play the part of a Providence to themselves, and to their fellows.

Give heed, my good Lysias, and consider well a suggestion. Because one is a servant it is not to be denied that he is of the species Homo. If, in like manner, one maintain that effects accomplished through the fingers of an agent be the work of a master, he has fact, not less than logic, to his support. The good found in the world is as are the waving wheat-heads met with in fields,—is as are phenomena understood in a Noumenon. Men are, in themselves, makers of wheat-heads ; yet bread is from the God alone. See, Lysias, here are the premises of a syllogism which the Stagirite himself would not have faulted : ergo, it is to be maintained that man finds within himself a measurer of self. Thus it is ! God being Goodness,—the abstract, the only Goodness,—all the actions of the God must necessarily pertain to the good ; Godliness gives

forth good,—the good of Will,—precisely as a sun gives forth the physical phenomenon of light; precisely as water gives forth moisture; as air is the source of refreshment: so, after a like manner do men and brutes and vegetables give forth;—that is, each according to the nature of its composition. But man, unlike other mundane things, gives or withholds according to a spontaneity which he finds—or does not find—within himself. In proportion, then, as a man discovers a will that is inclined to a performance of godly offices, in such proportion is he to accept that he has the God dwelling with him, and in him; for to be a cause, or origin of results, is to be Noumenon to phenomena; and that is what God is. Here, Lysias, is a measure that may never deceive a man: hold thou closely by it for self-examination. Such things as are not begotten of an animal organization are necessarily of the Divine; this we know, in that the world presents but three entities.\* Certainly man is of kin, as Bacon hath it, to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his soul, he is a base and ignoble creature. The Mystic was even happier in the putting of it. Angelhood, said the Sage, is that stage to which a man arrives when individuality becomes lost in office.

Explain this last to thee? Willingly. So long as a man holds as uppermost the Self, just so long is he an animal acting as an animal, and consequently has no other strength than that which belongs to the automatonism of an animal organization; but that moment in

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\* See "Two Thousand Years After."

which Selfhood is given away to office, man becomes of God, and from that moment he knows himself immortal in this office, and eternal in the meaning of his work. Such a man has no longer any concern about death, because he understands that the God does not die; neither has he regard to corporeal discomforts, for the reason that he has been rendered insensible to such trifles,—he has, in truth, found immortality.

This Godhood in self, Lysias, is what a doctor possesses when a midnight call to a filthy room in a filthy court is not less welcome than is a bidding to a palace where the flare of zephyr-swept gas-jets mingles with the sparkle of wine, and where livid lips, and glassy, back-sinking eyes, find replacement by the flush of passion-crimsoned cheeks and by flash of jewels borne on the daughters of Beauty. This, too, is what he feels when with sore and tired hand and brain he importunes continuously at the door of the Oracle craving from the Arcana medicines which shall afford to him the means of relieving and uplifting. I congratulate thee, Lysias, on thy choice of a profession. The Doctorate is a great step into the Substance of the Infinite—but, to the animal, it is alone weariness, weariness, weariness.

To say, “Our Father,” and to feel in the heart the fulness of this endearing and trust-giving name, is to find an all-sufficient support in time of need and is to get to one’s self an all-satisfying comfort in time of trial; we would converse to an ill end if our comprehension of the meaning of phenomena be found too meagre to lift us above the physical sophisms, which in these days thrust themselves too

often with veil-like import between man's vision and Providence.

We,—thou and I,—my scholar, are positivists, are materialists; let us call ourselves by such name, meaning by it that we are students, together, of the natural sciences. We dig into the earth with a spade and with spectroscope we analyze sun and moon, that we may learn of what these things are made. We laugh in derision at Nobert as in the field of a microscope we behold the inimitable markings of a diatom. We fall back overwhelmed by the meaning of the name God as we have gotten to ourselves idea of creation as expressed in the space through which vision has peered to behold Uranus. We are Christians, my scholar; that is, we believe in the Christ: with all our heart, and nature, and our little learning, we believe in the Incarnated; and we so repose our faith because that we find endorsement, in height and depth, in width and breadth, of what Revelation has unfolded and declared to man. Surely is it the case, as the experiences of a well-considered life will demonstrate, that in the knowledge to which a man may come has he materials for the lesson which Nature would teach to every one for his good concerning this matter of special Providence as the meaning of it is to be found in a law of Self-Dependence,—that great lesson, that the God is to be seen most plainly when he is seen not, and that he is doing all for us, and is nearest us, when, apparently, he is doing nothing, and is farthest away.

Much has come into our way, my scholar, to ask about and to inquire into,—but never have we asked, or never have we inquired, where a governing or

controlling principle was found to reside elsewhere than in a law, which law was discovered to be without change.

It is assuredly a canon of Nature—as the positivist reads the lesson—that man has been appointed his own care-taker ; and if the lesson has been read aright, it is certainly the part of wisdom that one make the best of a condition to which he finds himself appointed, and that he live in accordance with it. In such understanding, I may only declare to thee a conviction that man fulfils his part in the formula of his relations when he seeks, in knowledge, answers to wants ; or, to put it in other words, it is a truth which forces its way to acknowledgment, that knowledge has, for man, the significance of Providence. Let me make for thee an example of this meaning. It happened thy Mentor only so short a time back as yester-noon to perform an operation of great gravity on the person of a poor and very illiterate man ; the endurance and stoicism of the patient were the astonishment of all assembled in the chamber ; not the heroism of Epictetus in presence of the tortures inflicted by the brutal Epaphroditus was more wonderful ; the source of the strength lay in a crucifix grasped tightly by the hands of the venerating and confiding mortal. Well, too, thou recallest that trust met with in the person of a disease-stricken woman which would not permit the approach of our professional office until the candle blazed on the altar of the Virgin, and the rosary had been clasped about the neck which a necessary touch was to dye so deeply with the blood of the afflicted one. Ah, Lysias, how much of such consoling and upholding faith does a surgeon meet with

in the ministrations of his sad duties ! And what, save strength and skill, should the sight bring to the fingers ? The prayers are not to the doctor, in seeming ; and yet he is to take the ovation of blazing candles and clasped crucifix all to himself : *his is the office of the power and help that is evoked and solicited ; the mantle is upon him, and of other aid is there none.* It was ourselves, Lysias, that cured the afflicted one ; it was ourselves that stood as ministers between the want and *That* to which appeal was made. Had this poor woman been away from the needed means, she would have found herself away, as well, from the Ear which hears ; and for her disease there would have been no remedy. Heed, Lysias, and receive understanding of the personal responsibility resting on a man to yield himself an instrument to the God whose offices are performed through means. Heed ! *That man is to esteem himself the special Providence, to any call, who finds himself able to answer the call ; he who turns him away from such a call pushes back the hand of a helping God. Such a man interposes denial between a need and the love and care which seek to succor.*

If one accept the teachings of the God, he accepts that it is the priest who binds and the priest who loosens. Knowledge is the mantle of a Peter which covers the shoulders of every successor who is elected, or who elects himself, to the wearing of the sacred robe. Yet is a priest not necessarily confessor to his own faults, nor is a surgeon necessarily physician to his own ailments : men are made confessors and healers of one another, and in such a sense, wherever knowledge exists, there also abounds the meaning of priests and



doctors. A saving power is always in proportion to the wisdom; a priest is strong to lift up, or a surgeon to succor, according as he is mighty in the meaning of his office.

It is a sorry faith that leads to a dependence on special miracles for one's daily food and needed comforts: he who so trusts will find his bowels get empty enough, and it may not be doubted that his limbs will grow stiff and cold to stoniness if he wait until prayer shall cut and card and weave for him a woollen suit.—And yet a miracle is constantly performing; every wheat-grain holds the loaf; every hill-side feeds sheep which carry about with them the needed garments. Heed, Lysias. When a man begs Providence for bread, does he aught but solicit the God to do a mower's work in the harvest-field? or if he beg for raiment, does he not invite him to a place in a mill? Oh, it is wonderful, it is indeed God-like, this miracle of man and earth and heaven—and of hell. An automaton looks, and the God seen in his eye is recognized by all the things of the earth. A field of dirt and a few seed, and, lo, in response to a command, the face of the ground covers itself with that bread which is the life of every living thing; a good action, a single good turn done, and, behold, the sky opens and a dove descends. Speak to the earth in the language understood by it, and behold a volubility so great and so continuous that the barn overflows with its answer, and the store-house groans under the weight of good words confided to its keeping.—And the language understood by the earth has been confided to man: if one refuse to use this tongue, refuse to speak the word which alone



may open the gates of the treasury, why let him starve; and dying, let him go his way, that room may be made for his betters.

Wisdom is the protecting means; the wider the knowledge the greater the safety.—Get wisdom, then, my Lysias, if thou wouldst become to thyself, and to others, a Providence upon which dependence is to be placed. Knowledge, which gives understanding, is the special Providence of the world. Knowledge cures fever-ridden valleys; it tells the meaning of bug-pestered crops; it keeps a man in health, and enables him to understand that he himself is the god of the pestilence; it laughs at signs in the heavens before which the unthinking fall down and tremble.

—But here our boat-prow strikes the landing-place. No matter: we may continue our discourse, with as little interruption, as we trudge through wood and by farm towards the place of our destination.

—Here, Lysias, see this stupid tortoise: no concern of danger hastens the movements of its slow-crawling limbs; how obstinately the reptile hugs the line of the treacherous rail! Where is the Providence to this poor thing, if it be found not in thy hand or in mine? Back, Lysias, back! the train is upon us. Too late, alas! too late. See how the crawler has been scattered into nothingness. Poor tortoise, ignorant tortoise, thou wast, of thyself, unconscious of the mercilessness of the iron jaws which were shutting themselves upon thee!

Shout loudly, Lysias: still another life is running the gauntlet of this place of crossing tracks. What animal is this that comes flying on wings of fear before

the mightiness of steam? See! the wretched brute understands the danger that threatens, yet comprehends not enough to make the single side-step necessary for its salvation. What shall save the runner? Alas! the times have outgrown the instincts which are its Providence, and, like all lower things, it must fall before a higher,—if perchance its fate bring it to the conflict.

—And yet we, thou and I, fear not, neither are in danger, even although in unconcern we tempt the screeching monster by mocking at his power as he rushes with a whirl along the road of iron to which his law confines his course.—Why this safety to us? It is the great law of life, Lysias; the law of the survival of that which knows best how to take care of itself.

“Cruel and merciless is this law to the lower forms of life,” thou sayest.

Not so, save in seeming; for, being found too low, a thing must be made over into a something higher. Doubt thou not that both tortoise and horse shall find, in good time, a plane in which exists safety for them. When the tortoise was made, its home was under the mould of the leaf-carpeted forest, not a place of rails and of ponderous engines; but now the deepest glades of quietest woods are giving up both safety and solitude to the restless energy of steam. What mercy so great as that which lifts up and carries helpless things to a transformation which is their salvation? Doubt it not, Lysias, doubt it not, this is a mercy of the God.

—Here is a garden, here are vital germs, and here are iron and wood for implements of husbandry. Has not the God done a great part in giving these to the man who owns them? Yet if it please this one better

to beg than to hoe, why let him try his knees and his words. Undeniably *it is the law* that something, or somebody, must plant and hoe; such a law may be a very bad one, no doubt every man imagines himself able to have framed a better, still it is the law and there is nothing to do but abide by it; let this owner of heaven-created wealth never mind the gratitude, or the appreciation, that belongs to noble natures, let him never mind the wonderful law that makes the earth respond to a working; never mind the care and forethought which put water rills deep beneath the surface of his ground that thus he might have cool draughts; but let him beg and whine; and when delving for crystal springs let him curse the rootlets found in the way of his spade, because that these make it the harder to dig. It is no cause for gratitude that these rootlets are the life of the waters—and the life of him who drinks.

Yes; surely it is the case that Wisdom and special Providence are one, and that he who would have the protecting care strongest about him prays to most purpose when he exerts himself to get knowledge and understanding of the laws of his relations; and such study, and such understanding, bring the God close to a man, while at the same time they so overwhelm the mortal with consciousness of the mercy and goodness which are the protection of men, that no language of solicitation is found left him; his eyes have become opened, and, in an astonishment that has no words, he stands awe-struck before the Prescience which is found to have considered his every want, mortal and immortal, even ages before his name had utterance on the earth. And heed, Lysias: it is as easy, and as simple a thing

of performance, to grasp a soulful of the immortal manna, as it is to get a mouthful of the bread that nourishes the body.

—Heed further, my thoughtful friend. What might possibly reconcile a man to the suffering seen everywhere over the earth, if one understand nothing of that law in which resides the miracle of compensation? Children taken away from the arms of doting mothers, husbands torn from the hearts of loving and dependent wives, disease attacking and defeating health, fortune wrested from men and scattered broadcast to the storm. It seems that the world goes on after this manner to the unthinking man; and such a one, finding himself thrust to the wall, is not to be blamed because that he hurls a hiss and a curse at Providence and goes his way out into the blackness. If we, thou and I, might not arrive at any better understanding of these things, we also would curse God and die, or, if we did not thus, it would be our courage alone that would falter.—But it is philosophers, they whom we take for our teachers, that have lifted a corner of the veil, and who have looked beneath the surface; these have come to the understanding of transformations of unfitness into fitness, of pain metamorphosed into pleasure, of ugly things made over into the comely, of the old converted into new and fresh. No! no! It is not possible for Understanding to waver in faith: Wisdom smiles in trust even while the sword of the God descends and slays. Let us, my scholar, apprehend, through what we comprehend, that in the bottom of every grave is a door through which a dead man passes to life.

Lean on thy own staff, Lysias, nor trust to other

support. Does not experience know of what it advises? Surely is this matter of a special Providence one that very little wisdom would seem to be able to open, and to look into.——And yet, heed thou, heed another paradox. We may accept that the God troubles himself little enough about the corns and the bunions and the gutter-slips of the people who are so persistingly calling on him for salves and lotions: at least these things are what such need for their relief, and it is to be inferred that, whatever the language used, cerates and washes constitute the meaning of their prayers.——And yet it comes to us to recognize that outside of the God there is no cure,—no cure for anything, either for great evils or for small. Can we reconcile such a paradox? Let us see. He who sits him down to analyze will not fail in coming to discover that ignorance may not heal anything; but that cure, either of mind, body, or estate, proportions itself to an intelligence which directs a treatment. “Not of myself, but through the Father, do I these things,” said the Christ. So also did He teach that it needed but the possession of greater faith by the disciples that even the ponderous mountain should obey a voice that would command its removal. It is that part of the God which comes and dwells with a man that saves him when it is called to his service; and the saving-force is in proportion to the God evoked. The God works for a man’s salvation from evil, when it becomes understood well enough to be invited into his legs if he need to run, into his arms if it be essential to strike, or into his brain if it be necessary to scheme. He who shall find himself cast suddenly from a ship’s deck into the sea will do best by saving

his words and using the motions of the swimmer: or if he have learned none of these motions and so finds himself without a hand under his breast, he is not to grumble that he has become his own drowner. Heed the lesson, Lysias. There is not a care, or a trouble, or a danger, upon the earth, or within it, or above it, that the Capability of man is not the master of it; yet is Capability a virtue so poorly cultivated that the bravest of surgeons stands cowed by so insignificant a thing as a cancer-cell, and an honest lawyer knows not which way to turn for the meaning of Equity.

Cut a staff by the wayside, or in the wood, or wherever one may first be met with by thee, waiting not for that which is gold-knobbed, or for one the size or outline of which may best please thy fancy. Everybody may have a supporting staff; only it is not everybody that will take up with the kind coming in his way.

Make not a too common mistake, in being over-particular; neither, having once hold of a something that gives comfortable support to thee, be over-ready to let go; if the right hand tire of the grasp, change the staff to the left, giving it up never until a better or a smoother be within thy easy and certain reach. Men put it as it is—however well or ill the manner may be—when they say, “Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.” A man does best when he has the good fortune to understand from the start that such is the common rule and idea; that it is the tramway upon which life runs. It may be all well enough to wish that things were different, or to moralize and philosophize on what the state and condition of society and

affairs should be ; but a man cannot live on the abstract, even though appetite might be appeased with an olive a day.

Look where a man will, using his own eyes, or the lenses of the microscope, and soon enough is evidence furnished him that battling and struggling are the means and laws of animal self-maintenance : the tiger lies concealed in the jungle waiting for the passing of an animal weaker than itself, and if the legs of the latter have not swifter stride than the limbs of the former, there is nothing, aside from accident, that will succor and save the weaker thing.

—The man who trusts to a miraculous up-springing of barriers which are to place themselves between him and a danger that threatens, will find his flesh in the lion's jaw long enough before time may recover for him an opportunity lost in the waiting.

—Grave-yards are the thickest populated of the cities ; they would be the thinnest if prayers would have kept the inhabitants out of them ; and yet prayers are all well enough, only that under certain circumstances they are most in place if directed to the doctors. Believe, Lysias, that a man acts with most wisdom, and consequently most in accordance with the law, in preferring a lancet to words when about to be overwhelmed with an apoplexy, or in esteeming a hot foot-bath more to the purpose of an incipient pneumonia than is supplication. Heed ! We are to accept that it is the Deus in carne, the God which dwells in man, who is the curer of evil. Learn to understand this, then wilt thou know at which of the many altars offerings are to be made : to the priest, if it please



thee, when thy soul needs consolation ; to the lawyer, when thy estate is in danger ; to the physician, when the body is suffering.—And in going to these altars man seeks the aid of the God, after the manner of the law of God ; for the offices of life are universally performed through instruments. He who has the best doctor will find himself—all other things being equal—kept longest out of the cemetery.

“ And what concerning prayer to the Infinite ? ”

O Lysias, thou beloved of my heart, what words may measure such a subject ? What may the little say to the Great ? the man to the God ? Who that shall comprehend ever so little of this stupendous thing called Life shall have afterwards words left him for utterance ? An understanding of the phenomenon of existence cannot fail to show everything so fully considered, so perfectly ordered, so elaborately detailed, that the only prayer left to man is that in which he breathes out his thanks. It is the Positivist certainly that has learned the true meaning of prayer. And that which he has learned is, to be ashamed to ask for more where such fulness has been given. See, Lysias ; what if where catharsis was needed there were no cathartics to be found ? or what if when the life of a man lay in the requirements of a sweat no means of diaphoresis existed ? What if no middle tunic had been made to the arteries ? or what if blood did not come to the surface to cool and to purify itself ? Believe me, my scholar, if the Positivist uses fewer words of solicitation than do some other men, it is for the double reason that he knows of nothing needed for a man's comfort but what is to be found lying at hand,



and that to solicit would be like asking for fuller measure in a vessel seen to be already running over. The Positivist stands entranced before a majesty the omnipotence and graciousness of which leave him nothing to desire, nothing to ask for, nothing to fear. The true Positivist prays, prays over every good that he receives, prays over every mercy that comes to him; but his prayers are thank-offerings—not solicitations. Understanding that power which has been given to man, he plants acorns, and through the providence of a multitude of leaves he makes needed rain for his dry places. Comprehending the manner in which special Providence performs its office, he drives the fiend of an intermittent back into its native element, using alone as his instrument a twig of the cinchona-tree found growing along the borders of the marsh; he creates a quarantine, and says to the scourges of the epidemics, “Thus far, and no farther;” he builds a breakwater, and from behind the massive pier mocks at the threatening waters of the treacherous sea; he clothes himself with furs, and ceases to have concern about a falling temperature; he holds a crystal of ice to his fever-heated veins, and recks not that all nature is panting.—And yet, my Lysias, whence are ice and furs and life-saving cinchona-trees? Thank thou the God for these, but entreat him not that, in servant fashion, he follow thy footsteps, carrying his mercies after thee.

“Consoling enough,” thou sayest, “is all this for the lusty and the confident; for him of the purple and fine linen; for the bride whose pillar of strength

is an arm of steel. But in what, with such showing of the meaning of Providence," thou askest, "are to rest the bedridden and the helpless? Where is he to seek to be clothed whose garments are tatters? What castle is to afford its protection to her who is a widow?"

These shall rest, all of them, Lysias, in Providence; all of them are to come to Lysias, or, rather, *Lysias is to go to them*. And if Lysias go not, go not because of a compulsion that he finds within himself, then is he to hang his head and pass out to a companionship with brutes; for of a verity may no analysis show that he differs from the beasts at large; a man is to understand himself as being above other animals only in that proportion in which the God occupies him. That human who asserts Providence to be unmindful of the cares and miseries of the bedridden, the garmentless, and the heart-stricken may only be a beast; for there is not within him enough of Providence to know itself.

"And is a man to accept that when that power which is to be found within himself, or in his fellow-men, fails him, then chaos has come to him?"

A drop of water, Lysias, has within itself its own moisture; but dash of waves, the roar of surging swirls, and mightiness of power, live in the sea. When the scorching sun-rays come, a drop of water undoubtedly does best by running to the ocean. Ask thou the God about these things; for in what the Senses fail to instruct a man, Deity stands ready to inform him.

"That thou art happy, owe to God;

That thou continuest such, owe to thyself."

## VI.

### CONCERNING HEROIC LOVE.

THAT thou art anxious, however, to pass from these more serious matters of discourse and to renew gossip concerning things nearer to a young man's nature than are platitudes and apothegms, I may not doubt. Happy Lysias; Love is in chase; soon wilt thou find thyself entangled tight and fast enough. But heed! Apollonius was not all wrong: there is a philosophy of love. Let us learn something about its meaning.

It was well suggested by him of Chæroneia from whose wisdom we have before learned,—and Plutarch, like all other men who amount to anything, was a true lover of the sex,—that woman is as a beautiful mirror to reflect a husband's face and temper; “for if he be pleasant,” said the sage, “she will be merry; when he laughs, she will smile; and when he is sad, her heart will participate in his sorrows, and ease him of half his pain.” A gallant picture is this, my Lysias, drawn by a gallant spouse: the portrait is that of Timoxena.

Hear also this, which Angelo has written:

“Oh, how good, how beautiful must be  
The God that made so sweet a thing—  
So fair an image of the heavenly dove!”

And this other, by a bard of even warmer and more appreciative nature :

" Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core,  
All other depths are shallow ; essences,  
Once spiritual, are like muddy lees."

Wonderful, Lysias, in their fulness, to him who can understand them, are the lines last quoted. No wonder that men of dull taste accuse the poet of mistaking imaginations for facts. But the men of dull tastes are wrong ; the capabilities which lie in a loving woman are beyond any words of any language to tell about them ; he who possesses a woman's heart—who is the recipient of the outpourings of her soul's core—finds indeed that the lover is right ; that all other depths are shallow ; finds indeed that even the depths of the poet's lines are shallow—shallow as when measure is compared with the fathomless and bottomless. Accept, Lysias, that when thou hast met Love thou hast come to the purest and the most satisfying of all that the earth has to offer ; if thou make not much of it, thou wilt have undone of thyself the chance for happiness.

—Yet withal has love an antithesis: out of this same sweetness, it is not to be denied, came the boy *Œdipus*, and the house of the father was made to suffer grievous wounds. But *Apollo* is just, and gives fair warning: see to it, and understand ; if thou wouldst not meet Fate on the road at *Phocis*, heed the voice which spake to the king: " O King of *Thebes* renowned for its chariots, sow not for a harvest against the will of the gods, for that which is born shall slay

thee, and the whole of thy house shall wade through blood."——What men call love, Lysias, is, in truth, a bitter-sweet.

——This is the harvest to which Aristippus sowed : "I love Lais," said the son of Aretades, "to the end of my own personal pleasure and enjoyment, just as I love good fish and good wine, not expecting nor desiring to be beloved by these in return, but consuming them because of what my appetite finds in them." Heed also a description, given by Protogenes to Diaphnaus, of certain who call themselves lovers : "Some men, in their favors to women," wrote the teacher, "are not unlike to cooks and butchers who fat up calves and poultry in the dark, not out of any extraordinary affection which they bear to these creatures, but for the gain which they make out of them." Such, Lysias, are lovers who quickly enough find their sweet turned into a bitter, just as it is with ravenous eaters who get bones stuck in the throat, or as with drinkers who find themselves consumed of that which they take into their stomachs to relieve a growing thirst. Selfishness begets selfishness ; so out of a man's own evil are born those scorchers of human kind, the Agathocleias, Lalages, and Medeas, examples whom he of Verulam had undoubtedly in mind when he condemned the passion as being a something of very debasing influence : "As if a man," said the scholar, "made for the contemplation of heaven, and all noble objects, should do nothing but kneel before a little idol, and make himself a subject, in place of remaining what he was born, a master."

Easy is it, says Æschylus, to give monitions and

precepts when the foot is not entangled in misery's thorny maze. He who stealthily carries the fire of the son of the goddess must be willing to take the risk of Prometheus, and if he find himself, because of his temerity, stretched and fettered upon some rock in gloomy Scythia, he is to blame neither the law of Jove nor the rivets of Vulcan.—The fire of love belongs to the god—to the godly part of a man's nature.—When the brute part plays with this fire, it is accident if it get not singed.

It is after some such manner as this, Lysias, that I think we are to look at it. When the God made Man, wishing to endow the "Nobler Self" with a priceless gift, woman was created. The Saxon calls the sun "She"—*Die Sonne*: the Saxon is right; to that "Nobler Self" woman is as light showing the beauties of the world; to the Animal she may prove as a heat which withers and burns as does the fire of hell.—Men use love as they are found to use the gift of Prometheus; many getting from it, life; many finding in it, death.—Hist, Lysias, a pearl upon the breast is an ornament; gotten into a man's gullet it is suffocation.

No less surely than did Adam comprehend the meaning of Eve does a man come to the recognition of passion with the sprouting of his beard—unless it be, as has been remarked by the quaint Burton, he have a gourd for a head, or a pippin for a heart. But the passion of love, like unto the other passions, is not—as has been hinted—without more than a single signification, and though one prefer to accept it with Angelo, yet does he not well to remain ignorant of the

meaning of the Carian, who describes it as that which places men on a level with the flies in their desire for milk, or with bees in their love for honeycomb ; neither is he wisely without knowledge of the interpretation of that boast of Lucretia who declared, and surely proved, "that she could perform greater miracles on the human heart by the dexterous management of her personal charms, than all the philosophers, alchemists, necromancers, sorcerers, and witches of the known or unknown world could, by their cunningest practices."

That man is to be looked on as a pitiable fool, my Lysias, who has stumbled along through life without ever having come to a consciousness of the capability of woman to afford pleasure. Woman is as a harvest-field to all the senses ; sight, hearing, touch, taste, all, may garner from her.—Man can exhaust the world, all of it, all save a woman ; her he cannot exhaust ; she reaches out of time, and the love that she gives, if properly used, passes with him into the eternity and constitutes the meaning of his heaven.

Heed further, Lysias. Woman is the paradox of man's life ; she inspires and lifts him, she absorbs the force from him and topples him headlong into nothingness. An Apelles makes a Venus Anadyomene only when a Campaspe is the model his art reflects.—And a Paris—a Paris risks Troy—and himself—for a draught from the cistern of Helen. Woman is a fragrance from before whose breath the odor of roses might well sink away in despair of rivalry.—Yet it was a woman that breathed upon the sons of the master of the Golden Fleece, and they died.

It would seem, Lysias,—to express the whole matter

in other words,—as if, when Love was born, a bastard twin was palmed upon Venus, and that so alike are the two that not only are men constantly finding themselves mistaken in the object of their worship, but even Juno is not unfrequently deceived.\* Something of this idea had Alexis in mind, it would appear, when he named Heroic Love a monster of nature, wit, and art, a fiend, he says, who tortures the body, crucifies the soul with melancholy in this world, and consigns its victims to an everlasting torment in the world to come! And not without a similar recognition was the anatomist when he declares that the god waits only until he come to the mastery, to subvert cities, overthrow kingdoms, destroy towns, ruin families, corrupt the human heart, and make massacre of the species.

—Heed, Lysias, a man is not to suffer himself to be betrayed by the false god, neither is he to delude himself with false estimates of the judgment that is to discover him. A Samson, strong enough, and wise enough, to tear asunder the jaws of lions, finds himself shorn by a Delilah. The conqueror of Brutus, whom a Cæsar, with his hordes of Roman legions, was not powerful enough to beat down, turns at the invitation of a flying Cleopatra, giving away with each stroke of his barge-oars a league of the Nile. Ninus loses Asia to win a smile from Semiramis, and even Athenian Justice unbalances her scales before the beauty of the client of Hyperides.

No man so strong, but that the god, using a woman's form,—the form of some particular woman,—is likely

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\* Juno: the protectress of married women.



to be found stronger. Agamemnon was not at all peculiar in having his judgment won over by the blandishments of Clytemnestra, and in walking *upon silken tapestry*—to a scented bath with which his blood mingled. The dagger that cut deep into the life of the master of Priam had its force, not in the memory of a sacrificed Iphigenia, but in whisperings of what Ægisthus might become to the mistress of Cassandra.\*

—Neither is it well that a man bite his own hand and then blame his teeth for the hurt; an Aristippus makes a Lais; a Jason a Medea.—And then, again, let a man beware that the false god take not mean advantage of his temperament; temperament is some men's Mephistopheles. Woe betide the mortal whose eyes are not open to distinguish an Alcestis from a Circe! If a man mistake the false for the true, though he be of the same mettle as the Thunderer himself, he shall not escape the rivets that bind to Caucasus, nor keep his vitals free of the flesh-tearing beak of the vulture. Hist, Lysias, look out for thyself; thou wilt have enough to do; leave it to them to find fault, who, being without sin, can afford to cast stones; when thy hairs shall have grown gray thou wilt have learned charity, and wilt not confound the passion of Pluto for Proserpine with the sentiment of an Endymion for a Peona. Neither wilt thou dare to fault Ninus, not having seen the face of the Servitor's Slave.

Luther, our own Luther, he whom we do not hesitate to accept as a teacher, he who was the originator of our Protestantism, understood all this; understood it

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\* Æschylus.

well; hesitated long, no doubt, before condemning too freely; had perhaps as little to say about Anthony as about Ninus.

Shall I recall his famous couplet, quoted on another occasion?—

“Who loves not woman, wine, and song,  
Remains a fool his whole life long.”

No wonder that a priest with such convictions residing in his temperament found it necessary to have on hand a supply of prayer-books, in order that one or more might be in constant readiness for a shie at the devil. A saintly man was Luther; very saintly; his flesh rebelled, however, at its too continuous crucifixion; his prayer-books were a needed defence; had he been just a little weaker, or a little stronger,—both mean the same thing,—Satan would have had him neck and heels, in spite of ptisans or breviaries,—that is, if it be so ungodly a thing to love woman, wine, and song.

Would I condole with or condemn so epicurean a disposition? I would do neither, Lysias; but this I would do, I would have thee understand that out of this peculiar temperament comes the strength of manly men. Little men rob hen-roosts; the Alexanders rob empires. A great genius is a hundred or a thousand ordinary mortals moulded into one; the faults correspond with the virtues. I would have thee think twice before adding the blast of thy penny whistle to that great cry set up by the multitude at the follies of those with whom common men compare as do mud-turtles with demi-gods.

In a sense, it is a misfortune to be born with temperament; a great misfortune,—that is, if it be a temperament which keeps a man constantly under the lash. Is this not well expressed in that sad story of “Iphigenia in Aulis”?—

“I envy thee, old man; and I envy that man who has passed through a life without danger, unknown, unglorious; but I less envy those of honor.

OLD MAN. “And yet ’tis in this that the glory of life is.

KING. “Pleasant things are yet not without a sting: yet let me forbear, remembering that what I am the gods have made me. But no one of mortals is prosperous or blest to the last, for none hath yet been born free from pain.”

Forget not, Lysias, who it was that, with light stolen from Olympus, wandered through Crete searching for the Nymph to whom the hoofed Satyrs knelt.—But a hint is as good as a sermon to him whose ears are open: our discourse was to be of Love, not of the pseudo-passion. Let us pay our court to the god of the wife of Admetus.

## VII.

### CONCERNING HEROIC LOVE.

YET still one more word concerning this matter of Heroic Love, and its associations.

—Of not very different make from Luther was the godly Augustine,—not different from him in temperament,—not different in that prudence which Aristotle, with such show of wisdom, has pronounced the most profitable of all things.

Let me make thee understand. A man having no sturdiness in his fibre is little better than a withered stick. Could a man, spiritless and lank, have built the foundations of a Reformation? or, might such a one repeat the glories of the “*De Civitate Dei*”? It is nonsense; it is indeed crime against nature, that men are found continuously crying shame on that which is the meaning of their strength. The old man was right. “It is in this, O Agamemnon, that the glory of life is.”

—Yet because a man have appetite for meat is it excuse for him if he eat himself into a sloth? or having desire for drink is he to come to no grief if he guzzle himself into a sot? I alter not my opinion, Lysias, good and bad are things of relation, not things in

themselves.\* When the Monk wrote his couplet he used the words and thoughts of a man; not those of the hypocrite. How is Prometheus to help it if men insist on turning his flame into an evil?† Or who may fault Song because that so many sing themselves into grass-hoppers?‡ Song is a cheerer or a depresser, Wine a consoler or a mocker, Woman a lifter-up or a puller-down—according as each is understood, and used.

Lysias will not be among the simple who conclude that because in strength is found an element of evil, thus license is afforded to do ill deeds; he who makes such mistake is not long in coming to destruction. What is the good of a thing, or what the bad, is to be understood—and is only to be understood—in the law of relations: this is the first matter into which sensible men inquire. Relation makes all the difference in the world: makes the difference between crime and innocence, between vice and virtue, between wrong and right. No crime at all was it in the Sultan Mahmoud that the wives in his harem were in number like unto the leaves of the palm-tree that stood in his court-yard; no crime in the Patriarchs that hand-maidens were constrained to add their share to the population of the earth. But things are altering, have altered; women are no longer slaves; the earth is full of men. It is to-day crime if a man marry more than one woman—crime against the man's own good,—crime against the humanity of womankind,—against

\* "Two Thousand Years After."

† Prometheus Bound, Æschylus.

‡ Phædrus, Plato.

the conclusions and convictions of that intelligence which from the beginning of the world has been working at the problem of Happiness. For heed, Lysias, Law means nothing different from the experience of highest good, and every man who has common sense uses his best effort to live within the directions of the law of his surroundings; not through fear of it, but because of that which he gets out of it.

An individual man may not trust himself to his own direction; too weak or too strong is he; the organization of the Human is like that of a circle which reaches to the God by its zenith, and by its nadir rests upon the devil. It is a not unapt simile to liken men—the strong and lusty—unto the eagles. Away such soar—upward—upward—until eyes weak as our own lose sight of them; and then at times down they tumble—down—down—until they are seen sprawling in the mud. Or, we might liken them to the fish-hawks: proud-looking enough when on the wing; abased-looking enough when being pulled under drowning waves by mean things toward which appetite has tempted them—by old ale-wives, forsooth.

Now, what may a man of common intelligence, and that means nothing different from common sense, do else than abhor the unwisdom of such as Aristippus? Fools indeed are these: they smutch things which it is their best interest to keep fair; cover lilies with filth, and then speculate on the problem of lost purity.—Tar-sticks indeed, clean-looking enough in the disguises of their barky coverings; not less lofty in stature than are the straight pines of the forest; not less made up of pitch.

Yet, while abhorring, we may hesitate to be over-severe on the defects we condemn, being ourselves of the sex and not unconvertant with the infirmities of its make-up. True, we recognize that our own appetite craves neither flesh nor blood, but this is not to be counted as virtue to us, seeing that we are of small mouth, that our muscles are soft, not hard like iron, that the furnace of our nature will burn with chestnut coals; seeing that Aristippus is a child of the Sun, that we are sons of Luna.—Ah, Lysias, what a strange compound is man! no better, at times, nor wiser, than a stork whose tidbits are searched for among garbage; anon a walker with majestic stride over the golden streets of the sacred city, a wonderer at the plodders who find delight in the coarse-paved road-ways of Rome. Who shall say what a man is? what he will be? Praise no one of the race until the mortal part of him lies buried deep within the earth.

Yet while not faulting Aristippus because of his beastly course, nor condemning a stork because the bird prefers garbage to fragrant fruit, it is not amiss that we profit from the ill of the examples and that we get to ourselves understanding of how much better it is for a man that he bend his efforts and his desires toward things satisfying and ennobling; this, not for the sake of that which people call virtue,—having little or no idea of what is meant by the word,—but because it is that an Aristippus is sure to come to a leprosy, that the stork runs much risk of having its muscles eaten by maggots.

Heed, Lysias, our speech is after the manner of our animal organization. We may not say anything against

spleens—albeit these are the organs which make hot blood,—for spleens are in the bodies of all men, and being so found, being made of nature, they cannot be aught else than good things in themselves. Who keeps a spleen, however, in too close or too continuous relation with things adverse to its health finds it increase in bulk until it comes to fill the whole abdomen and at length to destroy him: as, for example, it is with foolish sheep, which, knowing nothing better, stuff themselves with succulent clover and thus burst their bellies.

Happy are we to esteem that man whose soul-force is great enough and strong enough to lift the body into heavenly atmosphere; but if a man have not this force, then are safety and comfort to be looked for alone in the exercise of his senses; that is, he is to hug the letter of the law,—is to call that white which is so pronounced by his fellows, and that which people in general smutch he too is to blacken. In one word, common men are to go with the crowd. Wolves that bite not are bitten.

What do I mean by this last? Well, perhaps nothing; perhaps a great deal. Thou wilt understand better when experiences explain. Heed, Lysias, there is much that is good in humanity; very much. Yet withal is there a very great deal that is wolf-like. All right is it—perhaps; assuredly it is not for us to gain-say it; beasts are according to their organization. A wolf rends his wounded fellow; a man does the same: neither may be able to control his appetite—for blood, or for scandal.—Yet mercy is abundant—most of it being found, however, where least is needed.—And



charity is plentiful—a profusion existing where want is not.

Grave deeply, Lysias, into the tablet of thy consciousness understanding of the fact that the nature of woman is negative—that she is a bringer-forth according to the planting;—of flowers, lotus flowers, that exhale sweet odors making up a fragrance which is Letheon to sorrow—of nettles which may prove stings and smarts to all the actions and memories of a man's life.

What a difference between the sexes! Man, aggressive, aspiring to domination; woman, yielding, seeking happiness in dependence. The faults of man, positive, arising out of his puissance; the mistakes of woman, feminine, growing out of her unselfishness, out of her desire to serve, out of her self-abnegation. “It is not meet,” says an Iphigenia, “that a man should come to strife with all the Greeks for the sake of a woman, nor lose his life: and one man, forsooth, is better than ten thousand women that he should behold the light. I give my body for the king, sacrifice it that he may be saved.”\* This too from Alcestis: “I die, O Admetus, causing thee at the price of my own life to view the light; for while I might have married a Thessalian and have lived in a palace blessed with royal sway, yet bereft of thee I might not, nor could I live.”†

—That is like them, Lysias, like all of womankind. Accept and act upon it as thy estimate of the sex. What the mulberry-leaf is to a silk-worm, love is to a

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\* Iphigenia in Aulis, Euripides.

† Alcestis, Euripides.

woman. Give the worm its leaf, and soon the crawler is found grown into a butterfly. Give a woman love, enough of it, and soon she is seen developed into an Angel.

—And who that understands of the trust that lives in a woman's heart but will keep tight rein on his own rude nature, holding even his breath that no tarnish come from it? Poor Héloïse! poor Marguerite! but recklessness was in the heart of Abelard, and the prince of devils was at the back of Faust.—Poor Héloïse! poor Marguerite!—Where, Lysias, canst thou find me women better or purer than were these? Get understanding of the faith that lives in a woman's nature, and stand ever after aghast at the responsibility it imposes on manliness. A woman is womanly in proportion as she is ductile.—A woman that loves hesitates as little in following a man downwards as upwards.—Remember; it is the man who leads; the woman who follows.

Who that handles a Rupert's drop but is made nervous lest he make havoc of the whole thing through an accidental twist given the stem? Yet is a maid not less susceptible than is the glass,—not less easily destroyed. Who understands not the nature of a Rupert's drop is likely to find his hand holding nothing but bits of broken glass; which, if not gotten clear of, cut and sting him. So also he who deals not tenderly with the whiteness of woman is apt to get a stain upon his hands which water cannot wash away, nor time wear out.

It is with unwavering reliance, Lysias, that a woman is seen to lean upon the strength of the man beloved by her. Exquisite indeed in its expressions is the

confidence she reposes ; her prudence takes no alarm ; her timidity knows no fear ; she offers unstintingly, knowing not the pricelessness of what she offers ; gives, counting not the cost of her gift.——And heed, Lysias, a woman gives according to that which is the richness of her purity ; where there is nothing opaque all is transparent ; a perfectly pure woman is one that acts as though vice were a thing without name ; like indeed is she to the dove which shows alarm only after being stung by shot.

——But I leave thee to the experience that is to come,—that comes to all men. Remember, a Rupert's drop once broken can never be mended.

## VIII.

### CONCERNING NUPTIAL LOVE.

THE width of an ocean is not greater than that distance which separates nuptial from heroic love.

Without having any certainty of knowledge about the subject, I incline to the conviction that the *moly* given by Mercury to Ulysses had some relation of meaning with our sacrament of marriage. Lysias will recall the story. Eurylochus and his companions coming to *Ææa* and meeting with that beautiful daughter of the Sun, Circe, found themselves changed by her into swine : all but the leader ; he saved himself by refusing to partake of her entertainment. Hastening to revenge his companions, Ulysses was met by Mercury, who indoctrinated him into a knowledge of the virtues of a potent exorcism, the *moly*. When the two came together, the Soldier and the Siren, in place of battle and destruction there was amity and alliance. The charm saved the warrior, even while denying him nothing that the island-queen had to offer.

I think there is a very great deal of meaning in this story ; indeed, I incline to the impression that if a man consider it, he will find himself able to grow the *moly* without any aid of gift from the winged god.

Another story to the same end is that of the forbidden fruit which has inflicted on poor Eve the odium of driving Adam out of Paradise. I do not know that I am able to read even this riddle quite right, but I am not at all doubtful that there exists to-day—not less a reality than in the olden time—an apple of which, if a man eat, he finds himself in trouble; not, however, because of any poison there is in the fruit, but because of some one or more reasons that holds the eater out of relation with it.

“ No unmeaning story is it that a nail should lame  
The foot of one that in a river swam,  
For Alexinus in Alpheus found  
The cursed reed that gave him his death's wound.”

Now undeniably it is the case that a nail—to the uses of most men—is seen to be a very good thing, yet Alexinus found destruction in it; likewise by her who was as a pin holding together the fortunes of Omnes did Ninus come, not only to the loss of kingdom, but, as well, of life. So that when we talk of lack of *moly*, or of forbidden fruit, we would seem to mean nothing different than when we say that things are not in relation; and when, while upholding woman as containing the greatest good, we add that the sex may be likened to a nail which pricks out the life of many a swimmer in the river of life, we are not to be understood as faulting the woman or as reflecting on a nail.

Good and bad are to be accepted as things of relation. No man shall ever find himself able to classify the apple. Forbidden fruit is to a man, to any man, what he finds hurtful to him. Lais is captivating and

Phryne is bewitching ; to deny the enchantment of womanly charms is to do little different than pronounce one's self hard as stone, or soft as silliness. I teach, Lysias, no such pronounciation. Indeed, I could have little else but pity for him should his temperament be of a construction that admitted of no influence from the fascinations of female loveliness. He would stand exposed to me as being deficient in gentleness and in sentiment. I would know him as one debarred through natural constitution from a participation in what the experience of men discovers as amongst the truest and most lasting of the sources of human pleasures.

But appreciation of a thing is not the abuse of it. There are men, plenty of them,—perhaps it would be better to say that it holds with all men,—to whom the fullness of the earth has been given—all but *a something*. So long as such deny themselves *this something*, so long is the universe an Eden ; but let them give way ; that is the end ; they are out of their paradise,—turned out of themselves.

Lais and Phryne are forbidden fruit,—so also is the gnarled and twisted nubbin that John Smith calls wife—  
Why forbidden ?

The answer comes out of the common experience. Eubatis found it necessary to decide between the attractions of Lais and victorship at the Olympian games. The Senators at Athens had to make up their minds between Phryne and the dignity of their office.

After a like manner was that conclusion of the Thebans, which denied the Bœotian the privilege of using her immense wealth for the erection of a wall which should begirt and protect their city : a wall was needed,

greatly needed: but there was a price outside the money cost. The wall was to be monumental to the courtesan: Thebes felt that she was less defenceless without a wall than without a reputation.

—A balance having two scales upon which a man may place *his good* and *his better*, will designate forbidden fruit.

—But the woman who is not a forbidden fruit?

Truly is that mystery which men call marriage to be accepted as the divinest good of life. Let Lysias never mind that this is a mere institution of man's making; that it differs with the ages of the world; that not unlikely it will be a something as different a thousand years hence as it was a thousand years back. Marriage is the meaning of the happiness of men in to-day. With yesterday, as with to-morrow, Lysias has nothing to do. Like the glass called a Claude Lorraine, so heavenly is the virtue found to lie in this sacrament that though it change nothing in reality, yet do things looked at through it assume altered complexion, asperities are seen as smoothness, angularity as roundness; even the white cold surface of a dead life is found covered by it with things fresh and fragrant.

—Marriage as a forbidden fruit to man.

God pity the Aristippi! No priest, no civil law can indoctrinate these; putters of themselves beyond the sacredness of the precincts of the mystery, there is no power great enough to get them back. Such are under the ban of Pronuba. Alas! the kisses of Lais have hardened the derm of their lips; the wiles of Phryne have destroyed the meaning of their manliness; swine and women are incompatibles; the question is a settled one.

—Strange, though ! the Circe of Eurylochus became the loving and harmless wife of Ulysses.

What is its meaning ? Nothing different from this, Lysias. Thou hast seen two men make a visit to the sea-side ; the moisture of the salty deep falls alike on both ; to the one it brings robustness, the other sinks and falls away, retiring from the presence to become putrid with tubercle. In what, if not in the composition of the men, was the wand of the Circe of the Sea ? —It is not about the heads of women that reside the halos seen by men : look thou for these in the eyes that gaze.

A thing cannot know a thing unlike itself. Smile not that in such connection I use an axiom of philosophy. Love is not objective, it is a something purely subjective ; yet it creates ; it makes for itself the idol it desires ; it adds stature to stumpiness, gives flesh to scragginess, confers straightness on crookedness. Nothing at all strange is this, a thing that is subjective is as easily made beautiful as ugly.

There is another manner in which we may put the matter. Such as Aristippus cannot by any possibility get from a woman that meaning of good which we affirm to reside with her. We liken woman to the sun, but she is, as we have said, a paradox, and when changed into a wife she is found to have become like the moon. The light which the moon gives is a reflection. Here is a mystery, two are one. Of itself the moon gives nothing ; the sheen that comes from it corresponds with the sunlight that falls upon its face. When there is no sunlight there is no moonlight ; where there are interposed clouds there is no sheen. Who casts not light



over a wife is not to look for brightness. An Aristippus has no light to give.

There is still another way in which the unwisdom of the Aristippi exposes itself. Along with the marriage certificate a magnifying-glass is purchased ; this is kept ever in hand and is used as the medium through which are judged not only the texture and complexion of skin and eyes, but as well the meaning of actions and the significance of thought ; it is not to be esteemed as strange that distorting nature in this way dimples are seen as wrinkles,—not strange that happiness separates itself far from the object looked upon.—Is not the man at the little end of his glass ? and does this not lengthen distances immensely ?

Often enough is it to be heard that thus and so spake Montaigne in disparagement of the marriage tie, or that Lord Bacon hinted this and that in favor of celibacy. Aristippus, and a multitude like unto him, wretched mortals that they are, are to be found continuously in the assemblies or in the market-places prating of wives as bringers forth of care, denouncing these as things which grow anxieties. Like unto that other vision-blinded wiseacre, he of La Mancha, who was not of perception sufficient to distinguish between a charge of playful lambs and the danger which lies in an onslaught of mailed warriors, these are found cutting and slashing as if, forsooth, the fleecy bond of Hymen were some foul chain of iron, and not the silken gossamer which all proper-seeing people know it to be. Well ! what may one do save pity such ? With their own hands they take up and fill their eyes with the blinding sands of Pronuba. A strange ruse is this that

is practiced by the goddess: it saves the tender from the ravenous, the sensuous from the sensual, the helpless from the tyrannous. Juno tells her story on Olympus, and while the gods smile the arms of selfish men close on—on emptiness.\*

Different as is the brightness of day from the blackness of night is a true from a false love. It is not to be denied that the passion of Aristippus ignites with a loud noise, nor that it burns with a flame fast and furious as the blaze of fired oil running over the surface of water; but it is like to this latter thing, all is on the face, the heat penetrates not within; nothing is made warm; a little while, a very little while, and the blaze is out; coldness and darkness are back again.

How different this from that continuous flame and heat which are the light and life of a true affection! Yet it might not be otherwise, for in this latter case the blaze and warmth are of the thing that loves. In the heyday it is a blaze which envelops the lover and seems to him, therefore, to fill the world. The stream of every channel shows gold-colored water. Clouds are not only rose-tinted, but crimson all the way through.

—Nor is the delight a thing alone of the heyday. At twenty another name for love is ecstasy; twenty is the time of the spring-time freshet. What may stand before passion that surges and whirls as it rushes ocean-

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\* Juno, or Pronuba, with a view to the deception of men who are too selfish to make good husbands, is said to be forever whispering in their ears stories of care begotten of marriage; this intimidates them, and by such reason she saves women from falling into their power.

ward seeking equilibrium?—But between the freshet of youthful impulse and the sea of age are broad meadow-lands. Here lives a quiet known only to the husband. It is here that the surge and the dash settle into calm; that narrowness grows into broadness; that life begins the unfolding of its meaning.

—Ah! meadow-lands of middle life; here love assumes new face and fresh attraction; children come into the meaning of the life; a past finds its way back; that which seemed dead long ago is resurrected; the man's self grows young, even though his head become balder of hair, or grayer.—And here, the restless propensities having passed away, man is made to understand how good a thing he has secured in a fireside that is all his own. Now does he comprehend that the anxieties which may have been his portion are like unto investments which it costs a toiler much trouble to make, but which have the meaning of an interest which is the support and comfort of old age.

Truly a divine passion, the divine passion, is this of love. Who shall say nay to the anticipations which enter into a man and which take full possession of him when it has come? What strength is added to the resolves! Muscles grow into steel springs; the heart propels its spirit into and through another life; humanity enlarges itself; one existence becomes many.

Unhappy mortal who in the day of youth considers not the dreariness of age. It is cold when the fire has gone out. And can one kindle a fire when the embers of his life have fallen into ashes? The blaze of love, lighted in youth, is a self-supplying flame, it will burn on forever, if not interfered with; but in age there

is nothing with which to start a fire. Age of itself grows older and older, but Love, united with age, turns it round, making it younger and younger. The children of a man are the man born over; the secret of Hermippus is with every father.

——But I will tell my Lysias the story of nuptial love in telling the story of one Lysander, a man well known to myself; one who I cannot but think has understood the meaning of marriage as well and has gotten as much out of it as has perhaps any other.

## IX.

### THE STORY OF LYSANDER.

THERE is much similarity between the life of which I would tell and that of my Lysias, to whom I tell the story ; quite enough to allow of it serving as a mirror in which to see something of what may be made the meaning of one's own love.

—Yes, one's love is what one makes it : not the rod of Hermes, but the heart of a youth of Cenchreas is it that lifts up the Lamia.

To talk of Lysander carries me back even into the days of my own youth ; he was amongst the nearest and dearest of my early friends. Ah, Lysias, they were halcyon days, and to tell about them brings all back again. How much there is to recall ! how much to live over ! Boys in the olden times were boys, not men. None better than Lysander and myself knew the haunt of rabbit or the nest of squirrel ; not for murder's sake, but for companionship. With the rabbit we drank from the wood-streams, and with the squirrel gathered winter store of nuts. It was ourselves that could lead the stranger where he could swim in the stream without fear of accident from jutting stones ; and it was ourselves that knew where the picnic could find choicest trysting-place.

The village boys called Lysander "the dreamer," and the village boys had named him rightly; he was forever in a dream. He would lie throughout a live-long summer's day beneath the shade of some great tree that skirted the stream-side, his eyes looking heavenward, and his soul so far away from his body,—so far away,—so far away.

"What is it?" he one day asked me, as in the wood we had accidentally disturbed a wounded bird which, after fluttering for a moment, died at our feet. "What is the meaning of it? What is death, Darby?" And then, the lifeless bird in his hand, he stretched himself full length on the ground, saying that he too was dead; that bird and boy were going a journey to the spirit-land. It was dark night before his dream or his trance, whichever it was, had passed away. This was very like him. No wonder he got the name of "dreamer."

Well mingled up with the early histories of both our lives are memories of an old black man, to whom Lysander attached himself as a son might to a father; a man whose heart was as white as his skin was black. With what delight have I sat day after day watching "down-sinking corks," while listening to homilies which would have done credit to tongues of the choicest pronunciation! A veritable Izaak Walton was the old man, and not of less skill in a judgment of mortals than in the things of hook and line. He too knew many a Dr. Donne and many a Sir Henry Wotton; and he too could have composed biographies.

A thrower of cold water was he; not always, however. "Look before you leap," that was his favorite maxim. "Not always,—not always, boys," would he

say, "is a pretty maiden to be taken for what she appears to be; and not always is amiable-seeming to be accepted for amiable-reality." Once started, the old man, like a wound-up clock, would run on until he had exhausted his spring. "Look in a rouge-pot," he would say, "for the meaning of flushed cheeks, and don't forget a nigger's warning when he tells you that a bosom which to the eyes of a young man looks alive with fire, may have no more warmth in it than has any other cotton-boll."

The old man in his early days had been a house-slave, and was supposed to have had an uncomfortable experience with a petulant young mistress. Lysander would accuse him of being soured against the sex. "As you please," he would answer, "but don't be guy enough to mistake the jaunty shoe for a dainty foot, or a sleeve sent home by a dressmaker for an arm of flesh and blood." "Good temper,—I know it," he would say: "a something kept often enough for the putting on and off at a parlor-door; not unlike to the honey which lips carry in a drawing-room, but which turns to vinegar when the flies are out of the way; or not unlike to the tidiness which changes to slovenliness when from the street it steps across the kitchen-door." It was undeniable, the blackamoor could say disagreeable things when the occasion was by.

Yet there was another side. Unlike the sage Apollonius, he apprehended the transforming and transmuting power of Love. "No use of talking to boys," he would add, and his eye would twinkle as if he understood that we had detected the fallacies of his strictures. "A boy sees the maiden that is in his eyes."—Did

I learn this lesson first from the old man?—"Whoever is in love sees nothing but beauty, doubts nothing but the existence of things untrue. Love finds music even in anger-stamping feet; sees grace in arms made out of cambric; calls that cleverness which is not outright clumsiness; esteems as preference that which is not absolute slight."

I recall an interruption once made by Lysander. "I have caught the secret," he said. "I will have a wife who shall be beautiful and true and clever forever. I will not change; then my love cannot."

The black man stroked the soft hair of my friend. "It is the secret," he said.

Lysander was a born lover of woman; to her he looked for an embodiment of the charms of the world. Whenever he would query as to the good, the beautiful, and the true, it was towards woman that all his imaginings were directed. Worship of the sex commenced with his earliest years. Mother and sisters were esteemed as of organization quite apart from his own, and of higher meaning; the very woman-servants of his father's kitchen found in him a helper to relieve, or, if to relieve was impossible, then one who was ever ready to help bear a burden.

I speak it not to his demerit that as age grew apace I recall a thousand blushes telling the story of rapid-beating heart-throbs; that even now there are in my possession—I need not say how I came by them—many bits of faded ribbon, and forget-me-nots woven in silken pages; and in particular a little green-painted cup which once—a long, long time ago—sweet girlish lips did drink from, and which has carried never but nectar



to his.—Ah, Lysias, I have such bits of ribbon and such a cup of my own. Who has not? Let me shut my eyes for a single moment, that I may go back to the days of ribbons and cup. I know not why it intrudes, but there is just now ringing in my ears the first line of a verse that has often enough stirred up the fountain:

“Do you remember, do you remember the days of long ago?”

——But I forget; it is Lysander’s story I started to tell, not my own.

A worshiper of the sex indeed. Woman, to him, was not a helpmate to assist with burdens, or to share sorrows, or to come to pain, or, worse than all, to change; but the blush and the flush of cheek and the golden wealth of curls were to him immortal things,—as immortal as Beauty’s self is immortal,—and Lysander idolized—and still idolizes, for still to him there is but one angel amongst the things of creation, and the name of the angel is woman.

Twenty years, twenty halcyon years, were passed by the boy amid the surroundings of his birthplace. One long and bright summer’s day were these years, and in it there grew to fulness a tree which now covers him, and under which his house is built, having for its foundation immovable stone: that foundation is reverence for, and faith in, the nobility of womankind.

“He may have seen but one kind of woman.”

True enough, Lysias, up to a certain period. Yet in his later years there is no alteration of opinion, and now he has seen much and has been thrown in contact with the sex far beyond the ordinary experience of

men; but still he maintains that there is but one kind.

“He could have no sympathy, then, with ——, whose wife yourself has pronounced a shrew.”

A shrew was it I said? That is too generous a word; —— has mistaken a devil for a woman; devils steal often enough the guise of fairness.

When twenty years were passed, misfortune, as if envious of a life so far separated from its own, brought many troubles to bear upon Lysander, jerking him with rough hand from his happy dreamland and casting him with merciless indifference upon a world with which he was little prepared to struggle. But misfortune destroyed him not; out of the ill has come, he says, the blessing of his life.

I need tell thee only that which relates to his love. An adventurer in seeming, and a wanderer among strangers, Lysander found himself one summer day standing in front of a country house, whose knocker had just resounded through hall and chamber the blow he had given. She who opened to him was a fair girl of tender years, whose disheveled curls and half-opened eyes plainly enough exhibited that she had been rudely aroused from an after-dinner nap and was performing her office in half unconsciousness. Yet this was the Destiny, and this was she whose name Lysander now celebrates in prose and verse, and who is not less beautiful to our friend than is the slender and delicate one to Antheros.

“A winsome wee thing,  
A handsome wee thing,  
A bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wife o’ ——.”

Twenty and more years have again passed since Lysander stood in that summer day on the stoop of the country house; twenty years which have carried with them pestilence and earthquake, yet which have had found in them nothing but happiness for the husband, nothing but growing charms for the wife. It has been, indeed, as though Evil, ashamed and disheartened, had betaken its presence the farthest possible remove from his household.

Perhaps there is a secret; perhaps none. Lysander says that to get the most out of life is to get the most out of to-day. No to-morrow for him. To-morrow, he maintains, belongs not to any man, and so, living each day as though it held the fulness, he has felt the time a something too precious to be wasted. Even would he smile to hear me speak of misfortune as cause of ill, or of the absence of it as reason for happiness. Lysander believes as we do, that the most reliable dependence is that which a man places on himself. It is a saying of his, "that what a man has had nothing can take from him."

The married life has been one long day of courtship, and while others now see hairs enough that are as silver strands about the head of the wife, yet the flattering tongue of the husband convinces both her and himself that the tresses are yet golden,—golden as when twenty years ago they fell upon the balusters of the old stairs at the country house.

No grumbler is Lysander. Even if there are ills in the world, he maintains that people are found much more disposed to hunt these up than are these to hunt up the people. Then, again, nothing is accepted by

him as an evil where a worse might be in its place, neither will he admit as being a distress anything which has either remedy or hope associated with it. A constant saying with him is, "that to the man who has faith in God nothing is an evil."

Lysander has been trained in philosophy; well and fully does he understand that the safety, happiness, and good of men are soonest found in leaning on the muscles which God has given them, and in cultivating, improving, and employing the senses with which they find themselves endowed. He asks not the God to delve for him, but himself drives through the earth colter and spade, thanking all the time the Law-maker for the law that has put response in the ground. As for his love, this he most assiduously waters and cultivates; digs about the roots; supports boughs that grow over-heavy; fences against north winds; invites the sunshine. What wonder that of himself he has influenced the law to grow for him a banyan which each year is seen to extend and to enlarge itself! Lysander takes every possible care of his love, leaving it not, as do a multitude of people, to take care of itself.

Here is another of his sayings, as just now it comes to my mind, "It is as feasible to get over a mountain as over a mole-hill; an only difference lies in the stride." And here is still another, "Healthiest bodies have weak spots." Our friend has learned the secret of the doctors in curing sores by being more careful of them than of the well places. Lysander understands that love is the price of love; confidence the price of confidence; respect the price of respect; and so he secures to himself the good things he so much enjoys in com-

pensating for them in the kind of coin demanded for the purchase ; not trying, or even thinking of paying in counterfeit. Lysander understands that a wife is not as a servant, who finds in dollars satisfactory requital for what she gives ; nor like a housekeeper, whose reward lies in seeing the master enjoy the dainties of her table. True, he has no name for what she is : Rara Avis is too earthly ; Divinity is not even heavenly enough. With bended knee he does adoration, deeming the service all too poor for the debt he owes. Ah, what life-giving pabulum is love to a woman ! Be sure, Lysias, that when the bride comes to thee this be her daily food. I am not wrong, give a wife this, enough of it, and ugly and beautiful alike undergo apotheosis ; doubt this not, for be thy heart big enough and hot enough thou shalt for thyself behold the miracle.— But, on the other hand, let love be denied, and a change of even greater significance is seen ; without this a woman falls into nothingness ; she goes out and away ; she becomes a body not less cold than that which an undertaker prepares for a funeral.

—And if it be, my Lysias, that a man, either because of ignorance or what else, cheat himself, debasing the warm into the cold, the effulgent into the umbrageous, the sparkling into the insipid, the angel into the crone, what is to save him from the ice, the shadow, the vapid, and the poison ? Oh, unhappiest of unhappy wretches, that, having a mountain-spring capable of yielding nectar, thou hast polluted the stream at the source. Let such a man go out and drown himself, for be he of high place or of low, esteemed with the wise or classed with the foolish, he has made a blunder

that has no remedy; to die is only the finish of an irreparable mistake.

Most wise is Lysander in not putting the trust of his nuptial happiness in any to-morrow. It is for a sensible man to deem the present day the only one in which blessings exist for him; so, to-day, Lysander allows nothing to interfere with his bliss; discomforts he puts off until to-morrow; to-morrow is time enough, he maintains; and as his to-morrow—because of his precautions—never comes, so he is found to keep his joy and to dismiss his ill in one and the same act.

It is a strange fancy, but in a certain book made up of heavy unprinted pages, and which is seldom found from under the privacy of lock and key, is to be seen a picture done in the funereal tones of india-ink, upon which Lysander looks and meditates whenever doubts come to him. It is a picture showing an open grave, by the side of which stands a bier holding a coffin; near, in the foreground, is a stone, across the white face of which is written the simple sentence, "*To-morrow.*" Something like this is the meaning of the picture. What husband shall stand by the grave-side of a wife and not go mad if the yesterday has been sacrificed and lost? A wise man does not see darkness in a grave; but the yesterdays! the yesterdays! who shall spare curses to himself if the yesterdays of a dead wife are remembered as clouded? or who is to cease from calling himself fool where the yesterdays have been nothing better than black shadows? Lysander looks upon this picture and renews comprehension of the meaning of a present; of a present which happily shows no open grave; no bier supporting a coffin; no tombstone with

“*To-morrow*” written across its face ; and if here and there over the page upon which he meditates are to be seen stains as if made by falling tears, these tell quite as much of consoling reflections as of anticipations which bear sorrows in their train. To-day the sun is shining brightly ; Lysander may not deny this ; it was bright yesterday, and the day before it was radiant ; how the heart swells as the man remembers these blessed yesterdays,—never an hour in which the planet ceased to give forth its consolations, never a moment in which has lain a shadow cast by himself!—Yet it is natural that imagination will run forward,—who may keep it back ?—a bier will be seen bearing its coffin, and an open grave with its threatening pile of dirt will figure itself upon the outlook. It is with bowed head and close-shut eyes that Lysander turns from his picture, spreading his hands tightly over his ears, as if forsooth this would shut out internal sound of falling clods. Oh, happy Lysander, who has no sad memories to put into a wife’s coffin ; no yew which lacks an elsewhere for its necessary planting than the mound under which sleeps one who has found in its darkness the only rest that has been hers.

Heed, Lysias, I would add a word to this. Howsoever sweet the music listened to by Lysander, howsoever siren the lips that utter inviting sounds, howsoever bewitching the discourses that fall like plash of fountain, there is one strain, one voice, which to him is the key-note of all harmony, the measure by which all comparison is made. Lysander drinks not of refreshing waters but that he wishes the cooled throat were that of his fair Madeline ; he snuffs not into his nostril



the morning-freshened odors met with in his rambles on the hill-side but that he longs to give the sweetness to Madeline. He lies again as of old through the live-long day under trees of the stream-side, watching the flying and speculating about the fleecy clouds overhead, giving to each as it passes some fancy to carry away with it on its journey; yet all the while in an under-breath is he humming the soft words of Porphyro,—

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest

After so many hours 'of toil and quest,

A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle."

—And this, Lysias, is the answer to his love and his longings:

"Ah, Porphyro! . . . but even now

Thy voice was as sweet tremble in mine ear,

Made tunable with every sweetest vow;

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,

Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Ah, Lysias, learn in thy own experience what a Madeline beloved can give to a lover like Porphyro; truly the poet speaks well: "Into the other's dream each melts, as the rose blendeth its odor with the violet." See to it, see to it, my sweet friend, that thou lose not any particle of this heaven-born incense of love. A Thea is it, and though a Saturn, gray-haired, and quiet as a stone, sit in the shady sadness of a vale, his kingdom gone from him, and lost, yet here is power to create, to fashion forth another empire, another



universe,—happy Porphyro,—over-happy man, ever drunken with the charm of a Madeline,—enviable, most enviable Porphyro !

—And to know, Lysias, that a Madeline exists wherever is to be found a Porphyro ; that a Porphyro is the maker of a Madeline,—how little different is this from saying that men are their own heaven-makers !

It was true, Lysander had caught the secret. What miracle-doers ! O Lamia, divine to the love of a Lycius ! O cursed Sophist of an Apollonius, having no better office than to wither a sweet bride, pulling from between her rows of pearls a forked tongue, which love had buried so deeply back in the throat that but for thy accursed art the Corinthian had never discovered the reptile in his bride ! Heed, Lysias, the caresses of a serpent were not distinguished by love-blinded senses from the foldings of warm, soft human arms. What was there in this that an unbidden guest, with “keen, cruel, perçant, stinging eye,” should perceive, that he should expose defects in the metamorphosed one ? cold bald-head, it was not Hermes, Hermes of the winged heels, who had done this miracle, and in whom was the undoing, but it was Lycius, Lycius’ self, who was the swearer by the serpent rod, and by the eyes, and by the starry crown, and it was in Lycius alone that lay the coming of the woman’s form, and the bliss of place so ardently desired and so longingly anticipated ; and now, now are Lycius’ arms as empty of delight as are his limbs of life. Be not deceived, Lysias, each lover is his own stealer of Olympian light.\*

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\* Refer to the sad story of the Lamia as told by Keats.

—Still other reminders has Lysander in this strange book of his. He has a rose, once exquisite, and of such exceeding sweetness of odor that its fragrance was the scent of a house. While this flower was in the freshness of its bloom it was shut out by its owner from the air and the sunshine, and made to lie, still and quiet and dead, between other of the thick unwritten pages. Lysander looks often at this smothered rose, and wonders not that so many wives are found, like unto it, withered and scentless.

Another page in this same volume shows a daughter without confidence in, and a son without respect for, a father. In the background is seen a creeping brute scenting filthy garbage which lies scattered about his feet.

—And there are yet other pictures; one that is often pondered over by Lysander shows the odd sight of a single dollar which seems as if being blown in at a front door, while from a back one are seen going out two; peering through an intermediate window are the threatening yet warning eyes of Poverty. This is a picture to which Lysander always turns when tempted to extravagances.

Another of the pictures shows a father, mother, and children walking, one after the other, in an endless furrow; or, if not endless, figures in which the line becomes obscured look much like a cradle at one of the ends and a coffin at the other; all the travelers seem weary and dejected; hopelessness is alone seen in the eyes of the younger; dissatisfaction in the faces of the elder; a staff in the hands of the father threatens any arm which might be stretched out to pluck a flower

met with in the passing. When Lysander looks at this he feels that it teaches him to understand the meaning of the little sympathy too commonly existing between parents and children.

Another picture shows the inside of a church; galleries and aisles are crowded, but the faces of the people wear an every-day expression, all but the occupants of the front pew; here there is great grief, "hearts bowed down." In front of the altar is an open coffin; from its soft pillow of silk a little cold face is looking out; were it not so marble-like we would take it for the original of one to be seen in the parlor of Lysander. Why is he so affected in looking on the page? What is the meaning of the association? Shutting the book, he rushes from his library, and finding the child to whom the dead face bears likeness, he hugs her to his bosom and his heart. What a strange fellow! does he think that his own little girl might come to such coldness, such hopeless coldness? that an undertaker might be found who would twist into a coffin-lid covering her dear face the screws seen lying on an adjoining table? that a priest could be unfeeling enough to drop ashes over her fair body? Whatever he thinks, he never looks upon the picture but that his heart is made warmer, and the care bestowed upon his loved ones is redoubled.

Thou understandest. It is the study of Lysander to comprehend the meaning of life; the meaning of himself; the meaning of things which bring happiness, or which, when abused, entail misery. Out of this has grown a life so blessed, a home so happy, a woman so apotheosized, that Lysander wonders if the preachers

do not misinterpret when they speak of a paradise lying apart from a man's self. The passage, "the kingdom of heaven is within a man," has for him most literal meaning. He thinks there needs to be nothing better, so full and so complete is that state into which he finds that man is capable of bringing his own nature.

Now about thyself, Lysias. Like Lysander in character, be thou like unto him in thy success of life,—in thy understanding of the meaning of love and its associations.

"All the virtues and charms live in Elvira."

Spoken like my Lysias. This is a proper beginning. Having come to a knowledge of love, do thou feed and pamper the passion ; polish and stroke it with thy hand, say thy prayers to it, bow before it as before a shrine ; see nothing so warm as the red that lives on the lips of the beloved one, nothing so lustrous as the light that comes from her eye ; hear no music so rapturous as the tones of her voice. Know nothing of any grace greater than that which abounds in the movements of her form ; give thyself, body and soul, to this Elvira ; she will show thee man's shortest road to bliss.

"A wife I would assert as being above all other things."

No ; it is the state of wifehood itself that asserts this ; even in like manner as Beauty declares her supremacy over Ugliness ; as Virtue compares to the detraction of Vice ; as Simplicity shows how much better she is than is Indulgence. To live, and not to love, is to exist in misnomer. Wife and love are, or should be, synonymous. Who makes them anything else is a

fool in his very constitution ; unless indeed, like ——, it has been his great ill luck to come to the hopeless misery of finding himself chained to a fiend who has cheated the world by getting into the form of woman ! Hist, Lysias, the wife of —— is not a woman ; see that thou make not any such confusion of terms.

“ But Elvira is a woman ; a real woman, soul and body.”

Happy Lysias, see to it, see to it that the dream end not in a nightmare ; that the refreshing green thing turn not into a tongue of flame, that the champagne which thou quaffest change not its bright bubbles into a mephitic vapor. Do not forget. A man may not narrow a thing yet have it broad, or blacken and yet have it white, or befoul and have it fragrant. Is not sleep the most grateful and refreshing of the means of rest ? Yet when there arise out of it black dreams, who does not come to fear it as an evil ?——But do black dreams come to a man otherwise than through his own folly ? Who that attains to the possession of a garden is to expect fruit out of it unless that he plant and cultivate ? Is a man to look for roses where he allows his bush to degenerate into a bramble ? Or is he to expect that the spring wherefrom he drinks will yield him sparkling water unless that with sedulous care he keep the mud from covering the silver sands of its bottom ?

Forget never, Lysias, it is with women as it is with natural trees ; if one like not a fruit that is borne, a graft will convert acid into sweet, bitter into grateful. A new fruit brought out of an opposite stalk corresponds with the influences which encourage the growth. We may not repeat this too often.

Fruit is in the grafter, not strictly in the tree ; this being the case, a man is to understand that it is to himself he is to look for the character of that which his garden produces.

A paradox indeed is that which has been given to man as "heaven's last, best gift." Woman is the all, she is the nothing ; the shades of her virtue are like a sun, like a moon, are like the color of a chameleon ; they are from within, they are not from within. Without the Proteus there are not the golden tints of its derm, yet no one thinks to look for this beauty unless the sun be shining. Neither any more, as has before been surmised, is brightness to be looked for on the face of a wife unless light fall upon it from a source external to itself. No countenance of woman has ever yet showed bright when there were set against it only clouds or blackness.

He who would have a chameleon show well is to protect it from the storm ; so also he who would keep the face of a wife aglow is to keep it covered with a glory reflected out of his own nature. What ! shall a sullen and coarse man expect to elicit favors courteous and refined ? Or is one cranky and vulgar to anticipate the coming to him of things straight and clean ? Such results, Lysias, are not in the way of nature ; the law is, as we have understood it, Of the kind that a man sows, he gathers.

X.

ABOUT NOOSES.

FLIES in webs, and flies out of webs ; men in nooses, and men out of nooses.—Is it not evident to him who has eyes in his head, and who uses them, that man is the tier and untier of his own knots ?

Can it be said that a noose is a thing in and of itself ? Yet is it not the case that nooses are to be found everywhere ? Is not a boy apt to get his first knowledge of them through the heedlessness of some playfellow, who causes him the fracture of a leg or an arm by a twist made in the long grass of a hill-side ? Are not callous men likely enough to find a last experience of them, together with a broken neck, through a loop which a hangman makes at the end of a bit of rope ?

What, then, shall Lysias conclude ? Is it well for boys that they run down-hill with shut eyes ? or for men that they walk over a street on which lives an executioner ?

## XI.

### LYSIAS.

THE long and leisurely lessons of pupil and guide are over ; there has been a change. Lysias has come to the instructions that lie in a wife and a fire-side ; and to-night is one of a very great many that the old Mentor has thought his thoughts and smoked his pipe in a quiet corner of his young friend's library ; not unmindful, as it must be admitted, of the share had by his teachings in the making of so comfortable a home, neither unappreciative of the good that has come to him in return.

A happy home, indeed ! I put it to the credit of Lysias that he has inherited from me a becoming love for the society of a glowing grate, and that the friends he sets most store by are such as hold places on his book-shelves rather than those seen occupying his seats ; hence the company met with at his house is more frequently a quiet than a noisy one ; although often enough it is the case that certain easy-chairs are found filled by grave professors, or it may be by those whose names are not unknown to the world as poets, essayists, journalists, or scientists. Lysias calls these his philosophers, and never does he weary in gleaning from their fields. They are friends who have been selected out



of a regard for their virtues ; never out of any consideration for their estates. Such companionship is a mine of wealth to the possessor of it. My pupil is fortunate.

By profession a doctor, it is yet not to be denied that Lysias practices much at the trade of the bohemian ; indeed, so frequently is it the case that the ragged jacket of the latter is found to interfere with the prim set of the black coat of the former, that I doubt not that between the vagabond free-habits associated with the one and the great regard that must be had for the gloss of the other there are times in which the boy finds it hard enough to keep from being whirled by Charybdis without striking over hard against Scylla. However, never having been able to get quite clear of a certain sprinkling of this same temperament myself, and being somewhat uncertain as to the influence of the infusion on my pupil, I say nothing in the way of objection to the habit. Certainly his indulgences afford him diversified pleasures, and I have not been able to perceive so far that he has been in any way injured by them, the single item, perhaps, of personal dignity excepted ; a matter, by the way, this last, which I think would trouble any sensible man very little, seeing that to be clear of it is to be rid of a burden.

Attributing such disposition to my friend, I am not to be understood, however, as identifying him in any manner with that large class of literary or professional improvidents which has brought this patronymic into its too often well-merited odium ; to nothing is he more unlike than to such. The vagrancy is of a different nature altogether ; consisting, not in neglect

of, or in indifference to, the duties of his position and calling, but understood and recognized in the variety of the work in which he is found to engage; in the long and tireless strolls he is seen to take along the banks of lonely rivers; in leaving his horse to fatten in its stall while, all oblivious to the appearance of the thing, he will trudge for miles over a country road to visit a patient, or having in view, not unlikely, the single object of a draught from a way-side spring; or it may be that the disposition shows itself in the seeking of odd and out-of-the-way sorts of places. Indeed, myself may not deny that his eloquence has seduced even the master more than once into places which, if not unbecoming the dignity of gray hairs, have yet hardly been in keeping with them. Had Lysias known Auerbach, he would undoubtedly have been found often enough in his cellar.\*

As concerns the wife, who, an observer cannot fail to see, is the balance-wheel in the character of the couple,—that is, she is a centre of gravity so inviting that it quite overbalances the centrifugal which lives in the natural inclinations of the husband,—I have really no words good enough for her praises. Lysias was right, “All the virtues and charms live in her.” Assuredly, had the boy searched the world over he would have found no more congenial or more fitting espousal. I never tire in looking from my corner on her sweet face, nor in listening to a voice which I may not compare with anything less refined than that cooing with which the dove invites its mate.

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\* Goethe's Faust.

Economical of habit, and a manager by education, Lysias has come, at quite an early period in life, to the possession of such comfortable means as allow of his consulting inclination rather than purse: hence the life he leads appears in the sight of the world what in every sense of the word it is in reality, an easy one. For his success, however, he certainly is in no way indebted to anybody but himself; the meaning of his independence lies in his having worked and saved,—“in having found his niche,” as he says, “and in remaining constant to it.” True it is, he will not allow that he has ever labored; but this is because he calls that play which others call work. “How can a thing be work,” he queries, “when in it is found one’s pleasure?” Undeniably, Lysias was fortunate, or otherwise it was an exercise of great good sense in finding for himself a path around which has bloomed, and where still continues to bloom, the meaning of his nature.

About clubs, and the many other matters which are apt to consume money faster than most men are able to make it, he knows so little that I am doubtful if even he might find himself able to give names to the evils; certain it is that his bohemianism leans not towards any of these things, for while he would not be proof against an Auerbach’s cellar, which is, I suppose, a club in a certain sort of a way, yet he would be found there a student of its mystic lore rather than as a consumer of its beer.

A philosopher by training, Lysias’s manner of living corresponds with his means. Like Lysander, he knows too much to burden himself with unnecessary cares;

hence his establishment is found so ordered that it runs on a manner of tramway that has least of friction in it ; certainly he is no scullion to his own kitchen, nor does the number of his servants lay him under imputation of being a slave to coadjutors. As the furniture of his house is concerned, while it is comfortable enough, it is very far from being too fine for use ; indeed, I doubt not that many of the fashionables who go to him for service come away with an impression that it scarcely corresponds with his standing. I have myself, indeed, heard as much suggested.

Lysias has oftenest on his lips that advice given by Pittacus to the Atarnean, "*Mind your own.*" In adhering to this rule are to be found, he thinks, the success and comfort of men's lives. Certain it is he makes it the custom of his own. I doubt if ever, in a single instance, he has been heard to criticise the actions of his fellows. Mankind, he avows, are to-day as Socrates found the people of the Athenian age. Who is most ignorant about a matter is readiest with an opinion ; who is least able to withdraw a hook from his lip is quickest in jumping at a bait ; he whose skill is smallest in unloosing his neck from a noose is nimblest in putting his head through the loop. Also is he not without the penetration to perceive, as I am very sure, that fault-finding is a sign either of very great weakness or of very great inexperience. How can a man find fault, he queries, when conscious that himself is vulnerable? or how criticise, when knowing to his own imperfections? He smiles continuously at the readiness of men to pronounce on good or on evil, knowing there is no one of the race that is even perceptive enough to

distinguish between such opposite colors as white and black ; the readiest pronouncing both to be of one shade where these happen to be met with in the darkness of an unlighted room.

I think it would not be right to leave at least one or two words unspoken about the housewifely virtues of Elvira. I put it to her credit that no other home into which I have ever entered has its affairs go on with as little commotion. I infer that her rooms, like the rooms of other people, require occasionally to be dusted and burnished ; that the fire of her grates, like the fire of other people's grates, is occasionally found burning low, perhaps burned out ; but assuredly it is the case that no burnishing is ever seen being done ; it is the declaration of Lysias that the grates have never been seen by him below the cheerful point.

Two servants are kept by Elvira, and these, from the family-like aspect they present, have been in the house, I presume, since its foundation. Certainly they look no less like fixtures than any other of the most stable things of the establishment. I infer, from the actions of these servants, that they have been made to understand that what is the common good is their good. Indeed, the endeavor to impress this is so persistently made by Elvira that I am doubtful if the rarest viand ever seen in the dining-room was not at the same time to be met with in the kitchen ; while assuredly I am able to recall no instance of rejoicing up stairs when jollity has not abounded down.

Another great virtue that I set down to the credit of the wife is her tidiness ; morning alike with evening she is to be found in such manner of dress as becomes

her occupation for the time, the season, and herself. Lysias has never been made to blush, however unreasonable the hour at which, man-like, he has brought home a visitor. Indeed, so fresh-looking does the wife keep herself, and so necessary to the complement of what the husband deems his happiness, that one has no trouble in perceiving that here is a marriage knot which can do nothing else than tighten as its age advances.

There is a little matter connected with this wedlock of Lysias and Elvira, which, as it seems to me to have had found in it a great deal of good, I will venture to intrude enough on the privacy of my friends to offer to some one to whom it may furnish a not unwelcome hint. Elvira had money, not much, yet enough for a woman's wants. When the marriage vows were spoken, it was found that the possessions of the wife belonged, in the sight of the law, to the husband; a few words had converted the bride from an independent woman into a moneyless dependant. The little matter was this: so soon as transfers could be made, the right of possession was again reversed, Lysias being made the poor one, pecuniary independence being restored to Elvira.

Lysias is often heard to aver that he considers the course pursued by him in this affair as amongst the best directed of his whole life; for while often enough he convulses the risibilities of his wife by insisting on looking to see if the bottom of her pocket be not a hole—assuredly she has not the same economical habits as himself—yet to all others he confesses that to have a woman spend her own, and then come in saucy humil-

ity to a husband to make up deficiencies, is a pleasure that no man of even the most moderate means can afford to deny himself. "And then," says Lysias, "only think, a man cannot come to the meanness of robbing a woman of an estate worked for and left to her by others;" he puts it out of the power even of accident so to degrade him.

The faith that lives in the household is one that admits of very little confusion. Whether a Roman or a Protestant Peter holds the keys of heaven is a matter that I do not remember ever having heard alluded to in the family, much less discussed. God is God, that is all; from God everything is received, to God everything is owing. Men and women are to look upon themselves as the children of God. Children require no dialecticians to make them understand what are the relations with a parent.

The daily life of the family goes on as does life in general; albeit the bright side is ever tried to be kept uppermost. Lysias is not in the "weeping" sense a Heraclitus, and Elvira manifests little inclination to find herself converted into a Niobe.

Do your best, lean on yourself; this, in a way, seems to be the doctrine. A misfortune of yesterday is let go with its day; the uncertainties of to-morrow are not anticipated. A ride in the park, a swim in the sea, a stroll through the woods,—both husband and wife think these glorious things, and wonder what more could be put in the hour in which they are enjoyed. Lysias is often heard to say that to understand of the blessings



heaped on man by his Maker, it needs only that one have asthma for an hour or that he find himself on a ship for a day without fresh water. But I think the secret of the happiness of my young friends lies in something else.

“In what? How do they manage to get anything out of a life which begins and ends in nothingness?”

He who interrupts with this question is a cynical little man who is greatly admired by Lysias; one who is a not unfrequent sitter by his grate-side. What the bond is that unites the two I have never been able to discover. When together they certainly do little else than dispute; combating incessantly over the places rightfully to be occupied by a semicolon, about the use of the subjunctive mood, or it may be about some matter connected with conjunctions. Lysias says that he likes the man because he is honest. This reason I certainly do not dispute, for, having occasion to meet him occasionally at an office in which he is employed, I am led to entertain a conviction that he uses his breath, when on duty, as if to waste any portion of it was to rob the business of something that belongs to it.

The abrupt question of the little man is quite of a piece with his character; he is not at all diffident about breaking in on a conversation; indeed, his assurance is equalled alone by one thing, as I must admit, and that is his knowledge; he has a memory that is wonderful in its retentiveness, certainly one that would fully justify a caricaturist in delineating him as a body made up of a short pair of legs carrying a single bump-like head representing that faculty. Lysias excuses his straightforwardness in pronouncing the deficiency to



lie in a lack of synonyms. "He can't help it," he says; "he has no crooked words;" and this excuse, which looks plausible enough, I find myself urging in defence of the man when strangers are disposed to whisper in my ear disagreeable reflections on his bluntness.

I was about to answer the query of my friend's friend by reminding him that happiness, together with the fullest expression of philosophy, arises out of a putting of use before self, but remembering that day after day and year after year this man, whom Lysias calls a walking encyclopædia, sits at his desk working, working, working, never for the furtherance of his own reputation, but wholly and solely for the good name and fame of many who know or care too little about the service he does them even to inquire his name, I felt such response would not be in place; not in place, however, only because he seems not to have found fulness, while being of all men that I have ever known the most self-abnegating.

So I answered the little man after another manner. A man, I said, who uses the word "nothingness," as applied to living, has certainly failed in catching the signification of life. True life, full living, consists in being dead to individuality. In this is the whole story. To die to self is to resurrect to God; is to come to a *meaning*, the immortality of which is as fixed as are the foundations of eternity. Individuality, I suggested, is to be looked on as the very bane of man's existence; it is a night-mare to which no one finds himself able to stick, let him clutch and hold as he will; it slips from and eludes the grasp, even at the moment

when mightiest efforts are being made to retain it. It is an expression of selfishness, and not at all allied with understanding. Once let this matter of individuality be dropped, I said, and man is led to see as though scales had fallen from his eyes; in an instant the meaning of himself stands demonstrated on the programme of life.

The little man pointed to a flagstaff on a neighboring roof, and asked if such doctrine separated the meaning of a man from that of the pole.

His own life, I suggested, was the answer to his question. As a staff is at its best when affording support to that which is the meaning of its office, so man is found expressing his fulness when performing uncomplainingly and unresistingly the work pertaining to a situation in which he finds himself. It is the virtue of a pole that it holds the flag to its place and purpose. A man who holds things up is doing nothing better. Not to worry about the reward, this is the great matter, I said; a wise man leaves all that to the employer; and what he finds to be done he does; about what is to come after he leaves to that after.

“And dies like a baboon,” the little man said.

Dies like a baboon, if you please, I answered.

The little man evidently had not caught my meaning, for he repeated himself in saying that he failed to see how, according to such doctrine, men differed from wooden or iron machines. How did they differ? he asked.

The answer to this was not difficult to make. Men, I said, are in a state of constant perplexity, simply because of troubling themselves about a thing which con-

cerns the mortal not more than it does machines in general: namely, next. What is next? Who knows anything about next? Who has ever been able to learn anything about it? Who needs to learn anything about it? The present is to be esteemed as the all; it is all because it has for the thing which lives in it the meaning of its office; of its intention. The present is forever. A man lives, never yesterday, never to-morrow, never in a coming moment, but now.

The little man suggested that chaos would soon come if such doctrine were taught the masses. Something very like these were the words he used,—I recall them because of his speaking with an earnestness not at all common to him. “An ignorant man is kept in a state of endurable decency,” he said, “only when he is made to feel that sin means for him hell, and that the meaning of hell lies in a burning, unquenchable brimstone, which is the share of every one that gets into perdition. This holds them.” If I remember rightly, he suggested, in the connection, that Plato knew less about governing men than the most ignorant of country priests. As for the younger Dionysius, who gave the Philosopher a people on whom to try his foolish scheme of a republic to be governed by the innate nobility residing in men, he doubted, he said, if the average of his common sense was any less than that possessed by the broad-headed. The man, as I have hinted, is not at all modest in criticising the opinions and actions of the great.

Allowing an excitement which showed itself to subside, I remarked, suggestively, that the religious Spinoza and the critic Oldenberg had long ago gone

over this ground ; that the good Jew had expressed profoundest commiseration for the man who understood so little of the meaning of life as to live it out in an eye-service.

“What did I mean by eye-service?” he asked.

Simply, I replied, the same as is meant when speaking of a servant who has not enough of the man found in him to restrain him from cheating an employer of what belongs to the relation ; requiring that the eye of the master be ever upon him. A man the reverse of himself, I could not help but add ; for while I do not particularly admire, I yet respect, the little man.

“Better stick to the doctrines taught for the past eighteen hundred years,” he suggested.

He had confounded the Mosaic with the Christian age ; indeed, had quite overlooked, for the moment, that it was the Law-giver who taught, “An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.”

Just so, I replied. It is the Christian doctrine of which I set myself up as a humble advocate. A man is to be such Nothingness, as individuality is concerned, that he will hesitate as little in giving the coat as in letting the cloak go. Man is to find examples for his actions in the sun, in the rain, in the wheat-head. He is to produce ; is to give ; concerning himself nothing at all about the why or the wherefore.

He said he could see nothing at all in such meaning of life ; it out-materialized, he suggested, materialism itself. If that was all, better for man to be born a wheat-head at once.

I ventured to suggest that men were made out of wheat-heads.

“And you would like to add, I suppose,” the little man remarked, “that wheat-heads are found to come to a noble use through metamorphosis.”

Precisely, I agreed; and as for myself, I propose, I said, to go on developing my ripeness, trusting God in the matters of what the use and significance of the fruit may be.

I simply added that the nothingness to which he alluded had for Lysias and Elvira the meaning of wholeness; that both had come to understand full well that caterpillar, chrysalis, and butterfly, even though so unlike, are yet one and the same thing.

The little man was evidently struck by the illustration; he raised his eyes from some pictures at which he had been looking, and asked if I thought the caterpillar recognized its individuality in the butterfly's. But I left the question with him, knowing full well that he would think it over long and closely, and that through such thinking he would be the most likely to come to an apprehension of what I meant.

## XII.

### AT HOME.

A GREAT favorite with Elvira is a certain quiet and staid gentleman who each evening spends an hour at the grate-side as he makes his way homeward from an office where all day he is employed in clerky duties, to the chamber where half of every night is spent in writing out quaint fancies which, through the books he has given out, all may enjoy with him.\*

Unselfish, for he might not be otherwise, is the author through whose glebe runs the river of genius. What is given forth is in reality simply that which passes over him as over the face of a reflecting surface. How the good in its plenteousness comes, and whence, he may as little comprehend as do the multitude who partake with him of the miraculous good. How much we all admire this quiet clerk of the India House! Lysias likens what he says to clear-running spring-water; nothing the worse, as he suggests, because one's lips get it from what some are pleased to call a cracked pitcher.

—Yes, like spring-water indeed; its life-giving qualities gathered among the trees and flowers and white pebbles of the mountain-side; so much that is

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\* Charles Lamb.

refreshing ; no India House can keep a soul from disporting itself on Olympus. No wonder that the clerk is not less to us than that which is the least part of him, Elia.

—So like the water of a spring which, being gathered into a reservoir, is made to run over the dirty streets of a town ; washing away garbage, drowning out disagreeable odors. It is a blessed thing, says Lysias, to find one's self an almoner ; to have something to give that others want.

It is to me a pleasant sight, as I sit watching quietly in my corner, to see how the heart of the wife goes out towards the clerical-looking black-coated little clerk. He tells her, while his eyes twinkle in gratification, about the well days of that poor invalid he so incessantly looks after ; asks her about jellies and jams ; discusses the prophylaxis of woolen garments ; weeps, as a stranger, with maladroitness, may happen to drop a word about asylums.

Surely, says Elvira, here is a hero in a double sense : for what man, save this one, has been found to count his time, his pleasure, ay, even his very life, as belonging exclusively to another, and that other only—only a poor half-crazy sister ? I doubt not that the wife is as much in love with the unselfish nature of the brother as she is with the reflective power which indicates the genius.—And what else in truth is it but the compassion of the humanitarian that is the charm of Elia ? One and the same are the dreary walk whose end is the hospital gate, and that tender sympathy which shows itself in every word spoken to suffering chimney-sweep, beggar, or convict.

The clerk is polite and considerate, but Elvira insists that he is not to be denied in her house the solace of his favorite Oronoko. What else has he? she asks. It was not strange that one day she brought home pipes enough to last for a year, and tobacco in proportion. It is worth very much more, she thinks, and we agree with her, than the cost of airing a room, to see the calm of the expressive face as the clouds of smoke shut out disagreeable remembrances of invoice books and indigo accounts.

It seems, too, to require smoke to bring out the genius of Elia; as if indeed without the cloud there was overmuch light to show anything, or as if it required the spirit of the weed to exorcise that of the desk. Certainly the pipe precedes the talk always; but when the tobacco is burned out, when the story commences, how great is the compensation for the waiting! A rare hour indeed is it in which the clerk gossips about those that he loves and whom, in turn, he makes us love. Where better than from him do we learn the meaning of measuring? What a broad charity he has! How much that is good and enjoyable does he see in everything! He it is who teaches us how to estimate the authors that write for us. We are not to be disappointed in a Heywood because of the absence of that which is the strength of Coleridge. Nor are we to expect to find in the deep sea of Burton's Melancholy the humor that floats over the surface of Rare Ben Jonson.

"Yes, yes," says the clerk, comparing the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney with the similar productions of Milton, "they do fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval



of Milton ; but how different the circumstances of the composition ! Who is to expect the lover of Stella to write with the philosophy of the Graybeard ? Penelope herself would have scouted the verses as being only cold words."

"Listen," he says : "is he not a manly poet ?

'I never drank of Aganippe's well,  
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,  
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell.

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But—God wot—this I swear by blackest brook of . . . ,  
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.  
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease  
My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow  
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?  
Guess me the cause—what is it thus ?—fye, no.  
Or so—much less. How then ? Sure this it is :  
My lips are sweet ; inspired with Stella's kiss.' "

We were laughing about Mrs. Conrady. The clerk interrupts. "No one can say of Mrs. Conrady's countenance that it would be better if she had but a nose. It is impossible to pull her to pieces in this manner. We have seen the most malicious beauties of her own sex baffled in the attempt at a selection. The *tout-ensemble* defies particularizing. It is too complete—too consistent, as we may say—to admit of these invidious reservations. It is not as if some Apelles had picked out here a lip, and there a chin, out of the collected ugliness of Greece, to frame a model by. It is a symmetrical whole. We challenge the minutest connoisseur to cavil at any part or parcel of the countenance in question ; to say that this, or that, is improperly placed. We are convinced that true ugliness,

no less than is affirmed of beauty, is the result of harmony. No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady without pronouncing her to be the plainest woman that he ever met in the course of his life."

"‘That handsome is as handsome does,’ is not a proverb that can be used by those who have seen Mrs. Conrady.

"The soul, if we may believe Plotinus, is a ray from the celestial beauty. As she partakes more or less of this heavenly light, she informs with corresponding character the fleshly tenement which she chooses, and frames to herself a suitable mansion.

"All which only proves that the soul of Mrs. Conrady in her pre-existent state was no great judge of architecture.

"To the same effect, in a hymn in honor of Beauty, divine Spenser *platonizing* sings,—

——‘ Every spirit as it is more pure,  
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,  
So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in, and it more fairly dight  
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.  
For of the soul the body form doth take ;  
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

"But Spenser, it is clear, never saw Mrs. Conrady.

"These poets, we find, are no safe guides in philosophy ; for here in his very next stanza but one is a saving clause, which throws us all out again, and leaves us as much to seek as ever :—

‘ Yet oft it falls, that many a gentle mind  
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drowned,  
Either by chance, against the course of kind,

Or through unaptness in the substance found,  
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,  
That will not yield unto her form's direction,  
But is performed with some foul imperfection.'

"——From which it would follow that Spenser had seen somebody like Mrs. Conrady."

The clerk was in a talking mood; he went on for an hour, starting up to go only when he found himself no longer able to get smoke from the ashes of his pipe.

Elvira is not unfamiliar with "the Bachelor's Complaint," but then she will always persist in denying that it is Elia who is the bachelor. "Look," she says, "is it not plain that our Elia was merely trying the pen of Addison?" and we all are compelled to admit that the Essay is rather after the style of the Spectator than after that of the clerk.

"It is to be suggested," says Lysias, "that this disagreeable Essay was an attempt of its writer to reconcile himself to the loss of that imaginary Celia, or Cam-paspe, or Lendamira, as name is found for her by the friend and confidant Barry Cornwall."

"What matters what?" contends Elvira. "Who, at any rate, has such right to grumble and to find fault as a poor disconsolate bachelor?"

It is the friend Hazlitt who smiles so benignantly on the pretty speaker. "Meant it all," he declares. "Ah! if you could but see him at our Thursday evening parties. What choice venom! what a keen, laughing, hair-brained vein of homefelt truth! the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. Scalds you with a jest, probes a question with a play upon words."

But Elvira is not to be convinced. He has said himself, she makes answer, "that truth is too precious to be wasted on everybody," and she retires into a shell of security when she repeats that other saying, "I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man." "Of course," cries the charming doubter. "Is so sedate a gentleman to be expected to turn spooney and show his heart to quibblers as bald of true joy as himself? Not he!" Elvira reads clearly the wife sentiment which everywhere shows itself in the tenderness bestowed upon the sister. But then, again, how may she, who is the most happy of happy matrons, do otherwise than believe that it is all a matter of lie when a bachelor attempts to turn into ridicule what he calls the assumptions and pretensions of the heart-rich Benedick? "Why, wealth shows for itself," she suggests; "and what is the sense in saying that a rich thing is rich?"

The clerk, it is to be admitted, is not always just exactly the same. What man is? But when the room is full of smoke, and he is found in a talking humor, we listen eagerly, and if he says sharp things, or things disagreeable to us, we fail not to remember that there is much to worry and to make him sad—perchance enough to render him at times satirical, if not indeed misanthropic.

But never is Elvira so well satisfied with Elia as when he gets in the way of reflections begotten of "Old China." Not that she cares a jot for the courtly mandarin—the traditional courtly mandarin—handing tea to a lady from a salver, and not that she cares any more for the disputed perspective,—whether lady and mandarin are at proper distance for the office of tea-

handing, or whether so many as a dozen miles separate them.

I whispered into the ear of the little man with the big memory, who happened to be seated next me, as Elvira was talking about this same china and about the pleasures that may be found to reside in poverty, that our pretty befurbelowed hostess was, in her way, a "Bridget;" but the plain-speaking dog with his single bark pronounced the thing bosh,—that was his word,—asserting that it is simply ridiculous in what he calls rich people to apostrophize Poverty. And this interruption, which just this moment comes back to me, reminds me of what is an unwavering conviction, namely, that the poetry of poverty is no more to be felt by a poor man—one who was born poor and has remained so—than is the same man capable of understanding the responsibilities of riches. Why, it has happened to myself, not once, but a score of times, to see a charming Elvira brought from a parlor to a kitchen, yet always carrying the æsthetics with her. I have seen such so metamorphose the little side-yard of a ten-by-twelve village home that former occupants have found themselves gaping with open mouth and wonder-staring eyes at the Aladdin-like transformation. Hear a clown talk of a sunset, and then turn to the poetry of him whose taste has fed itself out of the glory which at evening-tide lives over the Italian sea. The little man has big prejudices, and they interfere with his outlook.

Lysias had overheard the words. "I have had a good deal of experience," he said, "with your poor class, and know the people, as a rule, to be quite in-

capable of being made comfortable." (He was formerly the owner of many small houses.) "They unmake faster than taste and a desire to serve them can make; give them all you have, and they beg for more; ask for your own, and they revile you; the lack of appreciation of favors done them by the prudent and consequently the thriving part of a community is unaccountable, even allowing for the stolidness of ignorance; they receive and accept every good as a right, and denounce Providence not less than men for ills begotten of their shiftlessness. Only let the hands of the wealthy workers be withdrawn from beneath them, and under the waters of the marsh they would go, heels and neck, soon enough." Lysias was getting excited. I turned from him to the wife.

It was no use, however, this attempt to change the current of his thought; he had something else to say, and was not to be interrupted. "It is disgusting," he went on, "simply disgusting, to listen to a politician with wit or honesty too minute to be discovered by aid of a microscope, haranguing a crowd of improvidents on the impositions practiced by capital. A pity is it that a whip could not be put in every honest hand to lash the rascals naked through the world."

"But there is trouble," said the little man; "men must have bread, or else starve."

"Of course they must have bread, or else starve," retorted Lysias; "but who is to give it to them? Is a decent man, one who has worked hard and saved, to rob his children that life may be kept in carcasses too lazy to do anything else but lean against other men's posts? Why, only look at the complainers; ten, if not

a dozen of them, clamoring for work under the shade of a mill-roof, when it is impossible for the owner to find places for half the number. As many others insist on trundling barrows over city streets, where two are more than enough to do the wheeling. A million middle-men scatter themselves broadcast over the land, thrusting their locust-like appetites between producer and consumer, eating so much out of every crop that little enough is left either to pay him who has worked or to allow equivalent to him who has money with which to buy. On every avenue of the cities are to be found a host of sturdy men wasting away their time in doing women's work ; dealing in pins, or else measuring ribbons over counters. Wherever is to be found a hole in a wall big enough to hold a bottle, there you are sure to meet with some one of the malcontents, ready, spider-like, to pounce upon and suck out the life-blood of him who is silly enough to get within the meshes of his net. No, no ; a doctor sees too much of such people to be easily imposed on. At the back door of the factories in which these are struggling with each other to endure what they are pleased to call the primeval curse ; beyond the pave on which they are crowding each other ; away from the needles and tape, and within sight, almost, of the holes in the walls, there are uncounted acres and untold places for comfortable and independent living. There is a sun true to its purpose as is the God himself, there are rains to water, and there is a life in the soil which will disappoint no man who trusts in it. Shall men then complain and deem themselves ill used because that they tarry in a land in which all the corn has been eaten ? or because that

they will not leave channels from which the streams have passed out? Shall the woman-man measure his tape or commend his needle-packages when no customers stand in front of his counter? or shall he of the bottle hope to keep fat in his mesh when all the blood has been consumed?"

The little man again used the word "bosh." He desired to know, he said, how the middle-men, the pin-sellers and the pourers-out from the bottle, were to get amongst the bread-growing acres and under the feeding rays of a fructifying sun.

Lysias had worked himself up to a very unusual state of excitement. "The middle-men," he said, "and the pin-sellers, and the bottle-holders, must suffer, and industrious men must suffer with them; all for the reason that fathers were fools enough to think that working hand in hand with God was not quite good enough for the sons." Lysias had not forgotten his teachings.

"Yes," I said, anxious to turn the drift of his reflections:

"A day there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man."

"Put it in your pipe and smoke over it," said Lysias, turning to the little man: "the story is all in that."

The little man said he had one more question to ask: "Would Lysias tell him in what category a doctor belonged? Was a doctor a producer, or was he a middle-man?" He suggested that he had met doctors whose appetites could not be called small.

I must say that I thought the thrust a sharp one.



Lysias, with a shrug of the shoulders, turned upon his heel.

After a few moments of calm, the conversation got back to the subject of the pleasures of restricted means. "Elia understands it," said Elvira; "hear what he says:

" 'When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the Lady Blanch; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but walk into Colnaghi's and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?' "

It is delightful to listen to the dear creature as she runs on, taking the very words out of the mouth of the clerk. "Yes, the pleasant carriage-rides into the country, enjoyed so much because so rare; the river excursion, the cost counted a week ahead; the day taken from business, that for ten delightful hours babbling brooks may add sweet songs to the strains of the poets; and then the simple little repast for which a rustic table is prepared with so much ado, so much running to and fro. A cake with more of molasses than butter in it; cold lamb in place of tongue; the pickled cucumber pronounced so much better than the olive; the water of the spring seen to be of brighter sparkle than wine."

Elvira loves nothing better than to talk about what she calls her "little Trianon." This is a farm the gates of which are shut, like that other Trianon of

France, on luxury and fashion, and where the dainty thing, with her feet encased in calf-skin, trundles her own wheelbarrow and wields her own hoe. He who has the good fortune to be invited to Trianon will not be unapt to find himself awakened in the morning by the "So ho'" of the pretty rustic as she calls the cow from the meadow, as at breakfast he will be sure to eat of yellow grass-flavored butter, which has been padded into rolls by the hands looking to-night so dainty and so good-for-nothing—except to set off the pretty stones which find ornament in that they were designed to beautify.

Elvira asks the little man if he has ever enjoyed an early morning hour hoeing potatoes or cabbages, or cleaning the edges of a walk or a drive. "Why, look," she says; "a hoe may be dull, and the hoer may be duller, but use brightens the blade and sharpens it. Is not a hoe itself, thrown down, and lying unemployed by the grassy pathway, suggestive of unconsidered weeds growing in the moral flower-bed? What may come of an uneven, unkempt border to a walk or a drive-way, but a reminder of the ill variations in one's own life? While to pick up a hoe, and with it to root and weed out ill growths, to make with it lines of beauty, and consequently of harmony,—might this be suggestive of aught else than that higher training which serves to convert an ugly nature into a pretty one? Must it not be with life-weeds as it is with garden-weeds, and with life-walks as it is with lawn-walks?—every weed cut away and every line harmonized, may this be else than so much in the way of improvement?"

"The lesson of lessons, the change of changes," sug-

gested a grave thinker, who sits much with us, "the religious change, comes not through hoes and hoeing, not to the possessor of a Trianon any more than to him from whom high-walled streets shut out the lessons of nature, but is a special gift from above, a reflection upon man of that grace and love which have suffered, the one for the many."

"Assuredly," replies the farmeress, "I have sat too long by the grate-side to deny any mystery; yet surely it is not to be doubted that as one plucks and casts away weeds the garden is rendered thereby the cleaner; and as pathways are trimmed and bordered, so undeniably through the trimming are these rendered the more sightly." Little doubt had she, she said, that the increase of the garden came neither of Paul nor of Apollos, but not more doubt had she of a necessity for the planting and watering.

"Weeds," suggested the thinker, "are the natural and necessary growth of virgin soils; indeed, weeds constitute the soil, and a field which, left to itself, produces not weeds, has in it none of the ability to come to the production of bread. But soil of and in itself outgrows that which is its origin: from the weeds grow grains, the nutrition for the higher comes through the lower. So, in the proper time, come the hoer and the pruner; and now weeds, being things out of place, are wisely plucked up and cast away. And not unlike to weeds are the virtues; being of evil or of good import according as we find them. The natural man is not unlike the natural soil: his circumstances and relations are to be understood before is extended to him either commendation or condemnation. Brute force, which

shows all muscle and bone, ill though it seem to-day, did yesterday crush the head of the wild beast and trample in the dust the head of the serpent; yesterday it felled forests, and made of water-courses places for cities. To-day no lions are in the way, no wood covers the fields of the husbandman, and he who yesterday might have found neither peace nor safety in any habitation, to-day, because of that which was yesterday, flourishes and prospers."

- It is here, as in the middle of most conversations, that an interruption occurs, which breaks up the evening.

### XIII.

#### AT HOME.

THE conversation was concerning books.

A book, I said, is a man in the mood and education in which the author writes ; but a book has advantages over him who utters it, inasmuch as in its personality it becomes ubiquitous, being able to be in many places at the same time ; to converse in tongues unknown to the original ; to adapt its mood to him with whom it holds colloquy ; and to stop its speech, even in that moment in which what it has to say ceases to interest.

—As well is it the virtue of a book that it may exhibit its author to an advantage not always to be seen in his personnel ; that it may show forth peculiarities, ostentation or even affectation, without an offence that can be taken for insult ; that it is found able to make itself quite as much at home in a hut as in a palace ; that it is little disturbed whether sooty hands mar its fair belongings or its leaves find dainty turning by perfumed and jewelled fingers ; that it tells its lessons as earnestly by the wayside as in the library ; that what it once is seen to be, that it remains ; that if it is of good import, then, being like a good man dead,

one may in all safety praise and commend, as no change may possibly come to disappoint or to undo.

—It is also to the advantage of a book that it is ever ready to make acquaintance with him who desires introduction ; it is greatly its advantage over the author, very greatly, that it is never the first to weary of comradeship ; that if desired it will stay in the home of a new friend, or with like willingness go to the field or the workshop ; that, never tired of talking, it will tell over and again its story. A wonderful thing indeed, through its instrumentality the highest and most virtuous of mankind are brought into companionship with the meanest and worst ; are made ministers to necessities, instructors to inexperience.

—But there are bad authors, and of course bad books ; yet of the two, he is the safer who comes direct to the acquaintance of the bad man rather than to that of his bad book, for of a certainty shall the one not fail either sooner or later to show the cloven nature of his foot, while the other may be so cloaked and hooded, so seductively cloaked and hooded, that a Juan makes his way where a Byron might not be tolerated.

Elvira glances nervously at the rows of volumes lining the shelves of the library, and with maternal solicitude draws close to her side a noble-faced boy, whose every feature is so like her own. “What shall he read ?” she asks.

That is a question, I said, that is found, after a certain way, to answer itself. One reads according to his taste.

“But taste,” interrupted the mother, “is a thing to be made.”

Assuredly, I answered. Men are like trees, but boys are like saplings; a tree is straight or it is crooked, it is gnarled or it is clean, according to what have been the influences associated with the scion.

“But does it not seem a pity,” said Elvira, “that we are compelled to mar the fair face of a virgin field? What is so attractive as a boy in the freshness of an uninstructed simplicity?”

Yet, I said, if it is expected to get grain out of a field the plough must be used, even though it is the case that a plough is a thing that pierces and exposes and turns the inside out.

“Exposing many things which do not add to the attractions of the place ploughed,” said Lysias.

True, I answered. Yet we must agree with Aristotle, that an educated man is as much superior to one uneducated as are the living to the dead; and certainly we may not deny that a field comes first to its purpose only after harrow and hoe have passed over it and have obliterated what we are disposed to consider its fairness.

“The subject of the education of a boy,” said Lysias, “is one that at the present time is of greatest interest, both to Elvira and myself. With the good wife’s permission I will light a pipe, and perhaps you will not object to giving us the benefit of your views on the subject.”

If I can afford you any aid, I replied, in the fulfilment of the task that lies before you, I shall be thankful that experience has made me somewhat acquainted with the subject.

To begin with the beginning, I said, I shall expose

a fault which happily has had no existence, as I well know, in the case of this family. I allude to that falsest of false kindness through which mothers unwittingly suffer the risk of destroying not only the comfort of their children, but also, what is of quite as much consequence, the tranquillity and security of their own marriage relation. It is not to be denied, I said, and no one can be more cognizant to the fact than Lysias himself, that there are a multitude of women who turn slaves the moment their first child is born.

Elvira smilingly nodded, implying that she understood. "I gave the young Lysias here his first and only spanking," she said, "the day he was five months old; it was a good one, and it has never had to be repeated."

Right, I said. I have seen a mother sitting hour after hour over a crying infant, losing sleep and health, the household all disturbed, myself made to get out of a warm bed to trudge over icy streets at midnight, when the soporific to be prescribed was a good dose of *oleum betulæ*—birch oil.

"I suppose," interrupted Lysias, "that, like all other physicians who are properly versed in the therapeutics of the profession, you have lost whole families as patients by displaying too much intelligence as to the wants of a baby?"

Plenty of them, I replied.

"It is unaccountable," said Elvira, "when measured by any rule of common sense; among my own acquaintances I number one of just that kind of mothers; self-sacrificing, she names it, but I call it nonsensi-



cally self-immolating ; when the child cries it must be hushed with bribes and rocking—and sometimes it is rocked the night through ; when it slavers, the finest cambric is not too good to be torn by its pretty in-growing teeth. Baby waxes lusty and bad, mother grows lean and slatternly, husband lapses into a club man. There are no longer the pretty frills that once so bewitchingly adorned the prettier neck ; no longer the sweet scent of jasmine so seductive to the senses ; no longer a springy form ready always for the pave or the phaeton ; no longer curls rich as amber ; but in place of these a wife whose movements are as draggy as her dress is dowdy, one who has no talk but that which discusses tooth-cutting and colicky stomachs, no odor sweeter than that of the stale slops found always abundantly over her person, the harp replaced by a nursery wash-tub, the bride by a frowzy nurse.”

Women of such little judgment, I interrupted, deserve to have both bad babies and disappointed husbands.

“ Yes ; and they have them,” said Elvira.

Lysias laughed. “ She is authority,” he suggested, “ on everything connected with marriage and babies. Look at her ; who would take her for the mother of so bouncing a stripling ? ”

“ Or of so good a one,” interrupted the wife, her merry laugh ringing through the room.

The boy nestled close to the mother’s side. “ Do I satisfy dear mamma ? ” he asked. “ I try to.” The answer made was a pretty tableau.

“ Yes,” said Elvira, “ the greatest miss that a wife can make is to place a child betwixt herself and her

husband ; the turning around gets both spouse and baby out of place, and things out of place don't do well."

And such turning around, I said, is not to be looked on as expressive of motherly love, but rather as indicative of wifely improvidence. When the pretty frills go, admiration is very likely to go with them. When music ceases at home, it is not unapt to be hearkened for elsewhere.

"Neither," says Lysias, "as I very well know, is the right relation to be looked on as indicative of any lack of earnest attention to the child. It is only husband at the head of the table, baby at the foot."

"Instead of baby all over it," said Elvira, taking up the sentence and finishing it.

The only foundation, I said, which is capable of affording reliable support to a superstructure of manly greatness is virtue ; the laying of this begins with babyhood. Babies that have been allowed to have their own way, and thus commence with a layer of selfishness, are apt in after-life to feel shaky whenever a wind blows.

"What about playfellows?" the mother asked.

A most important matter, I replied, but so impossible is it to keep a boy from meeting all kinds that one can do nothing else than submit to the risk. A boy who sees in his own home, however, the beauties of refinement is pretty safe from contamination by things low and vulgar. One accustomed to drink water from a goblet of shivering thinness is not apt to choose an earthen mug. Indeed, I am not certain, I said, but that it is well for a lad of a good bringing up that oc-

asionally he be brought in contact with the rude and vile : they disgust him.

“ You think, then,” said Lysias, “ that a boy has to be pitted against his fellows and take his chances ? ”

It is only a question of time, I replied. Pitting must come either sooner or later.

The father knocked the ashes out of his pipe. “ I am reminded,” he said, “ of a high-bred and very diffident boy, who was sent to a school that I once attended. His previous life had evidently been spent at a mother’s apron-string ; he was delicate and timid to the degree of girlishness. Of course he was imposed on by all his schoolmates, and maltreated on the slightest provocation. Such was the state of things for a couple of years, when, returning to the play-ground after an August vacation, he turned the tables completely by fighting with a desperate abandon every one who attempted to cross his path. It was not long before he was the most let-alone boy of the establishment. To-day he stands at the head of one of the largest manufacturing enterprises of the country.”

Yes ; the experience is a common one, I suggested. A parent may not give better advice to a son than that received by Laertes.\*

As to what is commonly called education, I continued, were one assured of great longevity, a beginning would be with the classics ; but for the reason that fixedness is uncertain, experience directs that it is the part

\* “ Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,

Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.”

of wisdom that a boy be started at the middle ; getting his knowledge by delving both ways ; casting backward and looking forward.

Lysias remarked that he was doubtful as to whether he had my meaning.

English, I said, is not a language of itself, but a manner of speech made out of many tongues. It is starting a boy in the middle to commence with the alphabet of a modern vernacular.

Did I like the manner in which the education of the lad Montaigne was commenced? Lysias asked.

I give the father great credit for the judgment, I replied.

“How was it?” inquired the mother.

A tutor was engaged, whose care it was to see that the pupil had no intercourse with his Gascon-speaking fellows ; Latin was the only language which the boy was allowed either to hear or use ; as a consequence it became a mother tongue to him. When only six years of age, Montaigne found himself possessed of a key to modern word-making.

“But we shall have to begin with an English foundation,” Lysias said. “We must not hope to rival the Gascon.”

There was a ring of the door-bell. The visitor was the little man, and he was not at all in a good humor. He had dropped in, he said, to have some more talk about poor people.

A shade of red ran over the face of Lysias. I think he was conscious of having been betrayed into too great freedom of expression at the last meeting. I think, too, that the manner of the little man, on the

present occasion, was offensive to him, and that it angered him, although if this latter were the case he commanded himself very well.

"We were talking about education," he said, replying to his guest, and desirous, apparently, of avoiding the other subject.

"About education," said the little man; "but I want to talk about pin-sellers and about bottle-men; about assumption and presumption."

Lysias frowned. "I would give," he said, "with all willingness a good thousand dollars if I could appropriate to my own use a small share of your assumption and presumption."

The cynicism of the little man was fully aroused; he quite lost an equilibrium which is a marked characteristic of his manner. "Humph!" he said, "nothing is easier; you have only to keep your egotism for your tongue, instead of lavishing it so profusely on the pages of your books."

"And suppose I should incline," answered Lysias, laughing immoderately, "to circulate a scandal about you?"

"I would thank you," interrupted the little man, "if you would have it printed in some one of your volumes, as then there would be the least danger of my coming to any harm from it."

"Admirable! admirable!" said Lysias. "What a pity it is not original!"

The little man changed his tack. "Do you not know," he said, "that all that was spoken by you the other night, about middle-men, is nonsense and bosh?" Bosh is a great word with the little man.

"You call yourself a middle-man, I presume," said Lysias.

"Certainly I do," answered the little man; "and a doctor, high as he holds his head, is nothing better."

"You suggested that same idea on the occasion of our last conversation," said Lysias.

"Yes, and I repeat it," replied the little man; "the one sells pins, the other pills; that is all the difference."

"Very well," said Lysias. "Your logic is unexceptionable; now about the deduction."

"Very easily drawn," answered the little man. "Doctors ought to go to work raising corn, instead of thrusting their long arms between the slabs of other people's cribs."

"And when the other people sicken and lie on their beds dying, the doctors, being busy in their fields, are to withhold their long arms from reaching out help."

"You have hit the nail," replied the little man. "A doctor serves his kind and himself best by staying out of a field altogether. Pin-makers have no time to act as pin-sellers. You seem to have overlooked altogether the meaning of a man's relation with a community in which he lives."

"He has found it," said Lysias, turning to me. "Our friend has worked out the problem of 'the all and the nothingness' of individuality."

"No shirking of the subject," said the little man. "Never mind individuality. I maintain that you talked nonsense the other night."

"Do you eat potatoes at your house?" Lysias asked.

"Eat potatoes!" replied the little man; "certainly we eat potatoes. But what have potatoes to do with pin-sellers, or pin-sellers with potatoes?"

"How much a bushel?" asked Lysias.

The little man looked as if he thought he was being quizzed. "My cook," he said, "sees after the potatoes."

"In the market," said Lysias, answering his own question, "one dollar and a quarter; at a farm where I raise them, about twenty cents."

"Then all I have to say is," replied the little man, "you ought to be utterly ashamed of yourself for asking so extortionate a profit."

"And so I would be," answered Lysias, "were it not that only last week I disposed of all I had to sell for fifty cents the bushel."

"And I bought," said the little man, "only last week, paying nearly three times that price."

"Yes," said Lysias, "the middle-man, who sat in the shade of a counting-room, never handling a single one of the tubers, made not less than a clear profit of half a dollar on each bushel bought by you. I, who ploughed, planted, and cultivated, got a profit of thirty cents, and of this a portion was to be appropriated as interest on the money investment made in the farm."

"You buy your butter, I believe," continued Lysias, "from ——?"

"Yes."

"What does he charge you the pound?"

"Fifty or sixty cents, I believe."

"On each Wednesday and Saturday, my farmer lays that same butter on his stall for just half the price he is to receive for it."

"He is an extortionate dog!" exclaimed the little man, his choler rising; "and he shall learn that I know his trade-marks of cost and profit."

"But we are straying from the subject," remarked Lysias. "You want to hear about poor people, and you shall. I am just the one to come to for information. I was born with them, brought up among them; indeed, I have myself known what it is to breakfast on a crust and sup on a bowl of soup."

"Humph!" said the little man; "know as much about the thing as about all others."

"Enough," retorted Lysias, "to tell you that in the great majority of instances the cause of suffering lies with the sufferer; that shiftlessness is the foundation-rock of communism; that laziness is the key-stone of the grumbler's arch."

"And what," asked the little man, "would you pronounce the key-stone of the arch of prosperity?"

"Two pennies made before one is spent," answered Lysias.

The little man had lighted a pipe and was puffing away vigorously; he seemed to have been struck with a sudden thought. I think he was quite oblivious to the reply made to his question. Lysias tapped him on the shoulder. "I am going," he said, "to-morrow, to visit my properties; will you go along?"

"Go where?" said the little man, aroused from his reverie.

"To see after some poor people," answered Lysias, quizzically.

"Name the hour," said the little man.

Bright and early in the morning I accompanied the



twain. "We will go first," suggested Lysias, "to the premises of one of my rich incumbents."

The house we visited had fine rooms ; it was situated in the middle of a garden every available inch of which showed either flower, fruit, or vegetable. Along the sides of the fence, the rails and posts of which furnished the required support, were rows of blackberries, every bramble of which was laden with berries of the largest size. Long furrows extending from end to end of the yard gave promise of a full potato-bin for the winter. Tomatoes in abundance filled a corner plot. Egg-plants, two and three to a bush, were to be seen here and there in odd places. Rows of corn kept company with the potato-furrows, each stalk being courted by a clinging vine engaged in making bean-pods. It was a picture of thrift. Quite a broad and gracious smile overspread the face of the little man. "He would like," he said, "to have a handful of the blackberries."

"Plenty of them, as you see," said Lysias, and it was but a little time before a great saucer-full was picked and handed him.

While the little man sat under a tree, eating his fruit, Lysias gave him the history of what he saw. "My ownership of this place," he said, "resides in a mortgage which just about half covers it ; four years ago it embraced everything."

"Did you sell the place without payment of any money down?" asked the little man.

"Without the payment of a cent," answered Lysias. "Four years back, happening one day to make a professional visit to the family of its present owner,—he lived then in one of a row of sun-baked alley-hovels,—

I was struck with the air of superior neatness which made his little house so great a contrast to all the others of the row in which I had found myself. Another thing that struck me was a sense of manly independence ; no complaining, no finding fault, no comparing or contrasting himself with other people ; the man was as poor as a church mouse, but gentleman was written all over him."

"Well?" said the little man.

"Well, here was a chance to help two persons at one time. I wanted to get clear of a house, this man was greatly in need of one. He had no money to give, I was able to sell without it. He had probity and industry, I had capital. In four more years the property will be wholly his ; his, and his children's after him."

The little man having finished his plate of fruit, Lysias said we would walk to a neighboring street. On this street, it was rather a court, there were quite a number of small houses, six of which belonged to my pupil. Entering the first, I involuntarily exclaimed. I think I never saw greater neatness. Ceilings white as lime could make them, walls as fresh as though the paper had been put on only yesterday. Everything like a new pin.

"You have a good tenant here," I remarked.

"Yes," said Lysias, "and does it not look as if the tenant had a good landlord?"

I could not dispute it.

"Come next door," said Lysias, thanking the tenant for the kind permission which had been accorded to look at the premises.

The first greeting as the next door opened was a

complaint that a drain-pipe was stopped, and that the water was filling the cellar.

"And undermining the foundations of the house," suggested Lysias.

"The cellar is half full," said the man.

"And how long," asked the landlord, "is it since the pipe failed to carry off the water?"

"About two weeks," was the reply. "The paper is loosening from all the walls; one of the children has been down sick of a catarrh on account of the wet. I don't think I ought to be asked any rent for this month."

"I believe," said the landlord, "that you are already five in arrears."

"Yes," said the tenant; "times are very hard, and money is tight."

"Not a doubt of it," said Lysias. "How much have you been compelled to lay out on account of medicines for the cold caught by your child through reason of this stopped drain?"

"Seven dollars," said the tenant. "And I think it is only fair that you should refund it."

"No doubt of that either," responded the landlord. "Seven dollars to begin with. And of course I am to pay for repapering the walls?"

Had Lysias asked the man whether he was to pay for his own marketing, the surprise exhibited could not have been greater.

Opening the cellar-door, we looked below: there was water enough, without doubt, and, to make matters worse, a great stone had fallen from the wall. Every hour was risking the stability of the house. "The cellar

will have to be pumped out immediately," Lysias said, "and the stone-mason sent for."

"What stopped the drain?" he inquired, turning to the tenant.

The tenant "didn't know; may-be a dishcloth had got in it."

Reaching a piece of stout wire that was hanging from a nail in the fence, Lysias bent a hook on its end and gave it a single turn in the pipe; the result was, first, a newspaper, which the wire had gone through; second, a dishcloth, caught by the hook. Lysias afterwards told me that the cost to him of the stopped drain was forty dollars; the rent—nearly half a year in arrears—was twelve dollars a month.

The little man had not spoken a word.

"Come across the street," said Lysias. The house into which we now went was vacant,—“a matter not to be wondered at,” the little man said, “for it looks like a hog-pen.”

I think Lysias agreed with him; I certainly did.

“A poor man lived in it,” said Lysias. “I will tell you the story.”

“Not till I get out of the smells he has left behind,” said the little man, holding his nostrils tightly between his fingers. The house was a complete wreck; window-glass was demolished, hinges broken from closets and doors, paper smeared with grease and torn in strips from the wall of every room; the handles of the water-spigots wrenched off, as if the object had been the price they would bring as old brass; floors quite as thick with filth as that of the place to which the little man had likened the premises.

"Must have received a good rent," said the little man, "to compensate for all the trouble and expense you will have here."

We had stepped into the yard; it was as bad outside as in; the clothes-line posts had been dug up and consumed as kindling; nearly all the shingles from the roof of an out-house had gone the same way; two or three cart-loads of ashes were piled up in a corner; there was absolutely nothing but that was the reverse of what it should have been.

Lysias lighted a cigar and handed a second to the little man. "It requires," he said, "that one have something in his mouth to keep back oaths. On one of the coldest of the earliest days of the last winter the man who has just moved out of this house came to me with the story that a heartless landlord was about to set him and his family upon the street on account of a paltry sum owing on his rent,—some four dollars, if I remember rightly. Pitying him very much, for the tale he told was a sad one, I handed him this money, and afterwards had him moved into the house the yard of which we stand in. Yesterday completed his ninth month of occupancy. He has told me a thousand lies, has made all kinds of excuses to keep from doing any little jobbing I might have on hand, has never paid a single penny of rent, and is now engaged in informing his old neighbors that all landlords are alike, that I am not a bit better than the rest of the lot."

"A vagabond of the worst order," said the little man, all his ire aroused at the imposition.

We walked around the corner. Lysias pointed out another of his houses: it was an establishment of pre-

tension ; such a one as commands the higher order of tenants. "It was occupied all last winter," he said, "by a politician. When rent was asked for, the excuse was ever ready that certain moneys expected had not yet been received ; next month, and next, and next, the rent would certainly be paid. This man was a gentleman : of course all men living in big houses are. One does not hesitate to oblige a gentleman, even though it is the case that taxes and water-rates deplete the property-owner's pocket. When the spring came," said Lysias, "*the gentleman* moved between a Sunday and Monday, leaving to me the satisfaction of knowing that I had been laughed at for a credulous fool, besides affording me the pleasure of paying for the gas consumed by him during the time of occupancy."

The little man buttoned his coat tightly, as though he felt himself in the neighborhood of thieves. "You are right," he said : "there is a 'poor class.'"

But that very evening he returned to the attack. "I am unable to see," he said, "why you place in a common category the thieves about whom you told us this morning, and the honest clerks, the mill-hands, and the trundlers of barrows, alluded to in your previous dissertation."

"You can't see?" said Lysias. "Well, I will show you, or rather tell you. The first are knaves, the second fools."

"Humph!" said the little man; "you are modest: being a middle-man, as you admit, you call yourself a fool."

"I certainly should esteem myself the chiefest of them," said Lysias, "if I kept away from my acres,

which are full of bread, if the closets of the town-house were empty."

"I don't understand," said the little man.

"Or rather you won't," retorted Lysias. "Are there not ten doctors where one is sufficient for the work, twenty clerks where a half-dozen girls could fill the places, fifty mill-hands where the capacity is for one-quarter the number? Are not the cities growing and the country-places depopulating? What is to be the result? What may only be the result? You can't see? Perhaps you never will; but I doubt me if your children do not come to the sight."

"Well," said the little man, "you may be right, but if every man were on his rood of ground life would run along on a very dead level."

"Level indeed," said Lysias: "there would be no pleasant clatter of machinery, no buzz of tradesmen's voices, no pictures painted, no books written, no driving to and fro of doctors."

"But in place of——" said the little man.

"In place of that," said Lysias, taking the words out of his mouth, "there would be absence of the distress that is daily increasing."

"And in way of remedy——" queried the little man.

"In way of remedy," replied Lysias, "it would be well if one boy at least out of every half-dozen that are growing up might be thought not too good to plant and grow bread enough for his own feeding."

The little man, pulling out his watch, said it was late; his good-night was much more cordial than usual, I thought.

#### XIV.

### AT HOME.

BEING alone, Lysias reverted to the matter of education. "You were about to give us your views," he said.

If I remember rightly, I answered, it is determined that our little junior is to commence with the English tongue?

"That is the idea," responded the father.

Well, then, said I, the path is a straight one: the anatomy of the vehicle to begin with; philosophy to go on with. A boy is to learn first of the tools with which he is to work; as understanding develops he comes to comprehend of himself that "the proper study of mankind is man." Language is that which alone concerns our pupil at the beginning.

"But what about geography," suggested Elvira, "and about arithmetic, and about the natural sciences?"

I shook my head. Words, writing, derivations, and synonyms; that is all for the first three or four years.

"But why derivations?" asked the mother.

Because we are beginning at the middle. He who uses words without knowledge of their meaning has no advantage of speech over a parrot. The study of words



excites, on the part of a boy, interest in the things about which words treat. It makes him anxious to learn.

“Why synonyms?”

For the reason that a command of these shows more markedly than almost anything else a difference between the gentleman and the clown; certainly nothing is so indicative of the nature of a man's bringing-up.

Come here, Lysias, I said, reaching out my hand to the boy; I am to be your school-master for half an hour, and, if you will listen attentively to what I have to tell, I hope to make you understand the meaning of the genius of your mother-tongue, and what it is to study it comprehendingly.

The boy is wonderfully thoughtful for his age: he hastened to my side, anticipation showing itself on every feature of his countenance.

You have observed, I said, laying my hand upon his arm, that the common manner of intercourse between men lies in the use of words; thus, when one man would tell anything to another he utters certain sounds, which sounds are understood by him who hears as things possessed of definite meaning. We say earth, sea, sun, moon, light, darkness. We say the earth is a heavy body; the sea is an unstable element; light and darkness are the direct opposites to each other. As we need to enlarge upon these things to our neighbors, we have occasion for an increased number of sounds. These sounds have been invented. We say, for example, the earth is a heavy body, spheroidal in shape; the sea is an unstable element, composed in great part of two gases in combination; light and darkness are the direct opposites to each other, but are neither of them

things in themselves, being phenomena associated with change in place of the spot whereon an observer stands. The sounds used by English-speaking men are so various that there are one hundred thousand of them ; and even this large number does not include what are ordinarily known as the scientific terms.

The boy winced. " I never can remember them all."

No, nor can anybody else. I have mentioned their number with a view of pointing out that a man finds himself able to receive information in proportion as he is familiar with the sounds required for its conveyance. A parrot says, " Give Polly bread and sugar." Giving these articles to the bird often enough to associate the sounds you have taught with the things received by it, you have served the utterer of them to an end that is the means of affording it many a good feast. A boy gets bread and sugar, using the same sounds with which to make his request. But a boy requires to know the meaning of the things asked for. He needs, then, necessarily, to possess knowledge of a greater number of words. I will make an example. I want him to understand, for instance, that bread is a compound thing, having a history. I say to him,—

*Bread is made out of grain.*

But this is not all I wish him to know. Well, to understand more he will require a knowledge of more words. When he gets these, and not before, I can tell him further.

He learns more words, together with their meaning. I am thus enabled to go on with the history.

*The grain out of which bread is made is grown in fields.*

We wait now until more words are learned.

*Men gather the grain, and one called a miller grinds it into flour.*

More words.

*Flour is a powder-like substance, which becomes a dough when kneaded with water.*

More words.

*When there is mixed with this dough a peculiar substance called yeast, the mass lightens and enlarges itself; the cook now takes of it, and, after moulding it into the shape of loaves, puts it into the heated oven of a stove, from whence, as a result of certain chemical changes——*

More words needed.

Lysias clapped his hands. "I understand," he said. "I will go right to work and learn at least fifty thousand of the words."

If you do, I replied, you will most likely become a writer who will quickly enough make the best ashamed of their attempts.

"Why?" asked the boy.

Because, I answered, the best know so few words.

Lysias looked surprised. "Such must know most of them," he said. "How could they write books if they did not?"

Stepping to a shelf, I put into his hand a copy of "Paradise Lost." How many words, I asked, do you think there are in this book?

"Oh, all of them, of course," replied the boy.

Not over eight thousand, I told him.

Upon the table was a complete edition of Shakspeare; the volume was a very thick one. The writer of this folio, I said, has the reputation of employing more words than any other author who has written in the language.

"How many?" asked the boy.

Fifteen thousand, a trifle above one-seventh of the whole, I replied.

"A man," suggested the boy, "is wise according to the number of words that he knows?"

According as he knows the significance of many words, I corrected.

He interrupted to ask "why it was that the fishmonger and his father had such different ways of using words?"

It is that part of the subject of which I am about to speak, I said. In listening to the two you have been struck with the fact that the speech of the fishmonger is not at all like that you are in the habit of hearing in the library. The reason for this difference is, that your father, and his friends, to whom you listen, are men who have studied language; the fishmonger knows nothing about the rules which pertain to proper speaking; he pronounces ill, and gets his sentences mixed up, according as in hearing others talk he has caught the sounds of words and has understood or misunderstood the application of them.

I reached a second book from the shelves. Here, I said, is a copy of the first prose work written in the language we speak; it is entitled "*The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Kt.*" I will read a few lines from one of its pages, and do you look over my shoulder and observe the manner in which the words are spelled. It is a quaint, dust-covered book, having its binding made of board, and being written instead of printed. 1350 we see upon its title-page. "*The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile Kt.*" "For als moche

as the Lond beyonde the See, that is to seyne, the Holy Lond of Promyssions, or of Beheste, passynge alle othere Londes, is the most worthi Lond, most excellent, and Lady and Soveryen of alle othere Londes, and is blessed and halewed of the precyous Body and Blood of oure Lord Jesu Crist ; in the whiche Lond it lykede him to take Flesche and Blood of the Virgyne Marie, to envyrone that holy Lond with his blessedde Feet ; and there he wolde of his blessednesse enoumbre him in the seyde blessed and gloriouse Virgine Marie, and become Man, and worche many myracles, and preche and teche the Feythe and the Lawe of Cristene Men unto his Children : and there it lykede him to suffre many Reprevinges and Scornes for us ; and he that was Kyng of Hevene, of Eyr, of Erthe, of See, and of alle thinges that ben conteyned in hem, wolde alle only ben cleped Kyng of that Lond. Whan he seyde, *Rex sum Judeorum*, that is to seyne, I am Kyng of Jewes," etc.

Lysias was very much astonished. I expected him to be. "The words," he said, "are not spelled at all as I spell them, and the sentences are not made as in the books I read."

Nothing at all like either. Do you wish to understand, I asked, the meaning of the difference? I knew very well that the question was a useless one. He was all interest.

A language, I said, is, in its development, not unlike to the human being who uses it ; it begins with a babyhood, and comes to its maturity only after long years of growth. We will now read, I suggested, a chapter from the Bible, as in that book is found the perfection

of composition in the English tongue as it exists to-day.

The chapter read was the fifth of Matthew.

"The difference is very great," said Lysias.

We will now go back to our first book, and by comparing with that, and with the one just read from, the various writings of the intermediate ages, enable ourselves to understand of the development of speech.

So in turn we read together from Gower and the quaint-speaking Chaucer, from the manly Sir Philip, from Sir Thomas More, from the author of the "Faerie Queene," from Thomas Wyatt, from Roger and afterwards from Francis Bacon, from the "Poly-olbion," and finally from Dryden and from Pope.

"The change is very gradual," the boy suggested; "but why any change at all?"

Oh, this, I answered him, is on a common principle with the change made by man as concerns his locomotive conveniences; first he went on foot, next on the back of brutes, after that, needing greater conveniences, the sled was devised, then the wheel, and finally, to meet his ever-increasing wants, the locomotive. Speech now runs on a tramway of grammar.

"What is grammar?" asked the boy.

I would make him understand, I said. When, at the beginning, man traveled afoot, he needed not so much as a path among the trees. Employing beasts, a bridle-way had to be cut. Coming to the runner and wheel of sled and wagon, a road was found necessary. A steam-train demands elaborate grading and the laying of rails that shall not deviate by so much as a line's breadth in a hundred or a thousand miles.

"Grammar is a rule for the use of language," suggested the boy.

Without it language would be of as little use as a locomotive without the rails.

"Well?" said the lad, inquiringly.

Well, after my little Lysias has learned the great number of words which he assures me he will memorize, or, indeed, even while he is gathering them into his brain, he is to busy himself in laying the tramway. This completed, correctly and solidly, he will find himself as much advantaged over the unskilled in the way of an ability to acquire and use knowledge as is a traveler who has the convenience of the railway advantaged for purposes of journeying over him who makes his way by means of an ox and cart.

Remember the ending of the lesson, I said, tapping him upon the head. A boy familiar with language has the knowledge of the world at his command; he has gotten to his servitorship a Genie which can and will tell him of any and every thing he desires to ask about. Whenever or wherever he opens a book, there he will find this Genie ready to expose to him the budget and contents of the brain of the author who composed it. Language is Knowledge. Knowledge is Power.

Turning to the parents, I concluded by suggesting that the study of derivations might well employ a good deal of time, seeing that it was the study of language at large. A boy thoroughly versed in his derivations, I said, is of necessity a fair classical scholar.

"A truism indeed," said Lysias, "the full force of which never before struck me."

Yes, I said, it will bear thinking over.

## XV.

### AT HOME.

“**A**FTER the tramway, what?” asked the elder Lysias.

Extend it, I answered. Extend it quickly as comports with mental growth into Greece, and then, if you please, back again home by way of Germany and England.

“Ah,” said my old pupil, smiling, “you would have one believe that greatness was born and died with the Grecian.”

The faith would not be very greatly misplaced, I replied. Men of the pre-christian age, being untrammelled as to their speculations by any very close dogma, reached out of themselves after the unknown; the search was a manly one, and, although it looked not beyond Olympus, there was nothing, either of earth, water, fire, or air, that it did not inquire into. Men, by striving, almost scaled the mount. The foundation was in what the modern calls Positivism.

“Here Cincinnatus's glory, Zeno the sublime,  
Now lies; who, that he might Olympus climb,  
Ne'er Pelion upon Ossa strove to raise;  
No famed Herculean deeds advanc'd his praise;  
For by his virtue he found a pathless way  
To starry mansions and the seat of Day.”



"Copper decays with time, but thy renown,  
Diogenes, no age shall e'er take down;  
For thou alone hast taught us not to need,  
By thinking that we don't; and hast us freed  
From cares, and show'd the easy way to life."

"But neither the 'talker with the dead' nor the 'son of Tresias' was able to scale the mount, or get us into Elysium," said Lysias. With age my pupil has grown self-confident, and somewhat over-critical as to his manner of speech.

No, I said; but that was because of precisely the same reason that prevents so many of the moderns from scaling and getting into it. Neither the one nor the other has been able to work clear of the fallacy inflicted by Thales and his school. A thing cannot be known by a thing unlike itself; Brain cannot know Soul. The difference between Christ and Plato was the difference between Soul and Brain.\* To read from Thales on through Anaxagoras and Aristotle is to be led to understand the foundation both of physics and metaphysics; is to be rendered able to anticipate the conclusions of the Bacons, the Comptes, and the Berkeleys; is to be made to know a very good deal about all the things of to-day,—things called new, but which are, most of them, older than the Stagirite. Not only this, but it is to be made to believe in to-day; it is to be made to hold faith in the relationship of God and men. Ah! there were demi-gods in the olden time; our lessons have come from them. Who may study the "Crito" without finding himself inclined

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\* See "Two Thousand Years After."

through its manly teachings to the practice of that which is honorable? Or who may speculate with "Phædo" without coming to a consciousness of his immortality? It would not seem possible that a man of hasty utterance be brought to see of the fallacies of "Gorgias" without at the same time perceiving the unwisdom of hasty speaking. It cannot be otherwise than that he who learns of the confusions of "Protagoras" learns at the same time of the poverty of a judgment which comes from studying a round thing by looking alone on one of its sides.

Yes, in Greece, surely, was the garden of the Hesperides; is it not a garden filled with the best that produces fruit the taste of which becomes sweeter with the chewing, flowers whose scents grow richer with age, walks, the shade and calm of whose meanderings invite the more as winter draws on apace?

It is, that in Plato man finds the meaning of justice;—and justice is virtue; and virtue is happiness. To be happy is to have attained to fulness. But who, nowadays, seek after this fulness, using the lantern of Diogenes? The good bishop is right: "the scholars of modern times, perceiving how unpropitious the study of poetry and other elegant and sublime sciences generally proves to the acquisition of wealth, sordidly apply their minds to the more gainful employments of law, physic, and divinity. The prospect of lucre is the only stimulus to learning; and he is the deepest arithmetician who can count the greatest number of fees; the truest geometrician who can measure out the largest fortune; the most perfect astrologer who can best turn the rise and fall of other stars to his own ad-

vantage ; the ablest optician who can reflect upon himself the beneficial beams of great men's favors ; the most ingenious mechanic who can raise himself to the highest point of preferment ; and the soundest theologian who can preach himself into an excellent living ; leaving the higher regions of the sciences almost unpeopled, and only acquiring such a superficial knowledge of them as may be sufficient for light toying and table conversation, or enable them, by means of a voluble tongue, a strong voice, a pleasing eye, a steady countenance, and some trivial gleanings from the rich harvests of other men, to make a fair show, and impose themselves on the world as truly learned and ripe scholars."

To be just, is to be free from "covetousness, meanness, pretentiousness, and cowardice." And who shall find himself free from such vices save the man who has a soul "full of lofty thoughts" and who is privileged "to contemplate all time, and all existence" ?

"With regard to the philosophic nature, let us take it for granted that its possessors are ever enamored of all learning that will reveal to them somewhat of real and permanent existence, which is exempt from the vicissitudes of generation and decay."

Again, "let us assume that they are enamored of the whole of that real existence, and willingly resign no part of it, be it small or great, honored or slighted."

Once more : "We must take care not to overlook any taint of meanness. For surely little-mindedness thwarts above everything the soul that is ever to aspire to grasp truth, both divine and human, in its integrity and universality."

Here, my Lysias, are texts which define Plato. "Do you think," asks the Philosopher, "that there is a State as now constituted which might receive a true philosopher as its ruler and governor?" No less does the truth hold to-day than in the time of the Academy. He who is most wise is esteemed least available. A scavenger with his garbage is counted by his fellows as richer than the Savant with his deductions.

A State to be wisely and well governed may only become so by having at its head such as through study and a contemplation of life have attained to the comprehension of the meaning of good; for it may only be that such as have thus grown wise have been rendered conscious that individual good is not a thing in itself, but a something that is to be found alone in the common good; hence even though it be impossible to obliterate from the nature of men the selfishness that characterizes it, yet the rights of the ruled necessarily find consideration and provision, as thus it is understood rulers themselves find their own best good.

But—that philosophers be lifted to the ruler's bench implies that the governed be lifted also. It must be a double lift; yet a lift down is it to him who shall be brought to a rulership; for by the sage who has made himself acquainted with the principles of government, it is perceived that justice being understood, life and living have in them their own direction; that the need for rulers lies alone in that which a very little knowledge would convert into its own remedy. A virtuous State, like a virtuous man, goes right without external direction.

Happy would it be for the unlearned that the learned be brought—ay, compelled, if against their will—to govern and to direct them; for after what strives the “genuine lover of knowledge but after truth”? and will not such “be found temperate and thoroughly uncovetous, the last persons in the world to value those objects which make men anxious for money at any cost”? Could it be possible that the same nature should be found loving both truth and falsehood? And are philosophers found aught else than lovers of wisdom,—lovers of truth?

But it is natural that the true philosopher hold himself aloof from the commerce of men. Having “tasted how sweet and blessed a treasure” is truth, and seeing “the madness of the many, with the full assurance that there is scarcely a person who takes a single judicious step in his public life, and that there is no ally with whom he may safely march to the succor of the just; nay, that should he attempt it he will be like a man who has fallen among wild beasts,—unwilling to join in their iniquities, and unable singly to resist the fury of all, and therefore destined to perish before he can be of any service to his country or his friends or do good to himself or any one else;—having weighed all this, such a man keeps quiet and confines himself to his own concerns, like one who takes shelter behind a wall on a rainy day, when the wind is driving before it a hurricane of dust and rain; and when from his retreat he sees the infection of lawlessness spreading over the rest of mankind, he is well content, if he can in any way live his life here untainted in his own person by unrighteousness and unholy deeds, and, when

the time for his release arrives, takes his departure amid bright hopes with cheerfulness and serenity."

He who is not a lover of wisdom is a blind man. If then he who leads be blind and he who is led be without sight, what shall be expected to befall both, save disaster? Who then is he that is not blind? He alone surely has sight who is able to apprehend "the eternal and immutable," while those "who wander in the region of change and multiformity" are without vision, and, if placed in the advance, prove blind leaders of the blind.

"Can there then be question as to whether a blind man, or one quick with sight, is the right person to guard and keep anything?"

But it is affirmed that the philosopher, as he quickens in sight, grows careless in the use of his feet, and thus not less than the blind man is found apt to stumble and lose his way. Who that talks not to a reflection on Plato when is repeated the story of the failure at Syracuse? and who is he that prates not mistakingly when he fails to distinguish between Plato and Dionysius and the Syracusans? Is it that a man finding no wall back of which he may shelter himself shall continue to face the storms which he finds it not in himself, or in his associations, to still? Education alone it is which, in politics, is found the sufficient shield for the protection of him who would express himself justly and without show of favor: who is he that may continue to denounce a tyrant as tyrant, when so slight a defence as the twenty minæ of an Anniceris stands between the denouncer and years of slavery in Ægina?

Is not he who is without a knowledge of things as

they really are, like to one who is blind? for is it not that such possess in their souls “no distinct exemplar, and cannot, like painters, fix their eyes on perfect truth as a perpetual standard of reference, to be contemplated with the minutest care, before they proceed to deal with earthly canons about things beautiful and just and good, laying them down when they are required, and where they already exist watching over their preservation?”

He is, in truth, a painter, who understands not alone the law of combinations residing in his pigments, but as well the nature of the canvas he colors, and about the brushes with which his shades are drawn. So is it in like manner that the true philosopher is he who knows as well the law of co-ordination which governs not less walking than judging.

A philosopher is truthful because that truth is the beloved object of his existence. Not only in probability is such a one found continuously and consistently on the side of truth, but absolutely inevitable is it that he be so found; for as by his nature the philosopher is a lover of truth, so shall his passion allow him alone to be pleased with things “bound by the closest ties to that which is the object of his adoration.” He who is a philosopher is above sickness and above death; neither can misfortune thrust him down or destroy him.

“Know'st thou not, Passenger, already?—No.—  
Then Sickness here has hid famed Polemo.—  
For my part I believe ye, sir,—for why?  
Diseases never spare Philosophy.—  
'Tis true. But this I'll tell ye for your comfort,  
Though his dry bones be here, his soul is run for't.

And whither, think'st thou? To the starry spheres.  
Let Death and Sickness now go shake their ears."

Being truthful above other men, and wise beyond all, how is it, as not unjustly asserted by some Adeimantus, that philosophers command not that respect in their own cities which elects to position of favor and influence?

Is he a philosopher, otherwise than by profession, who is found an unfailing attendant at every "Dionysian festival"? who lets out his ears, as if on hire, to listen to all the choruses of the season?

"And whom," asks a Glaucon, "do you call genuine philosophers?"

It is not to be denied that a throne may be occupied by one not born to the crown; but he who is of legitimate succession possesses attributes of birthright peculiar to himself. In like manner, he who is born to the estate of philosophy has attributes not found in a pretender.

"Doubtless you have seen," answers Socrates to Glaucon, "how persons who love honor will command a company if they cannot lead an army, and, in default of being honored by great and important personages, are glad to receive the respect of the little and insignificant, so covetous are they of honor in any shape?"

"Precisely so."

"Then answer me yes or no to this: when we describe a man as having a longing for something, are we to assert that he longs after the whole class that the term includes, or only after one part to the exclusion of another?"

"He longs after the whole."



“Then shall we not maintain that the philosopher, as the lover of wisdom, is one who longs for wisdom, not partially, but wholly?”

“True.”

“So that if a person makes difficulties about his studies, especially while he is young and unable to discriminate between what is profitable and what is not, we shall pronounce him to be no lover of wisdom; just as when a man is nice about his eating, we deny that he is hungry or desirous of food, and instead of describing him as fond of eating, we call him a bad feeder.”

“Yes, and we shall be right in doing so.”

“On the other hand, when a man is ready and willing to taste every kind of knowledge, and addresses himself joyfully to his studies with an appetite which can never be satiated, we shall justly call such a person a philosopher.”

It is that philosophers seldom arrive at seats of political honor and distinction because that they who elect lack wisdom which is the direction to good. What is to open the eyes of him who may look not further than a supposed personal gain to be arrived at in the triumph of a party or a cause? or who is he that, having alone myopic vision, shall understand and behold the circle of a greater and truer good existing without that little one which alone he sees? And who, save the learned, but that are myopic?

It is not in the philosopher's creed that he who finds himself at rest is to aspire to unrest, or that he who dwells in peace is to seek war; “for it is not in the nature of things that a pilot should petition the sailors

to submit to his authority, or that the wise should wait at the rich man's door."

Who, being of the Prytanes, but shall bring about him the clamors of an ill-judging multitude when he allows to wander for a hundred years on the banks of the Styx the dead warriors of Arginusæ? Yet who, being Epistates, and withal a Socrates, but that shall deny the senseless mob, knowing better than sackclothed ignorance the burying power of the taxiarchs?

Shall philosophers take office with other object than that of being ministers to the public good? Who so well as these know the nothingness of that phantom of reputation to which silly men aspire? What is called good by the selfish is not likely to be the "essential good," but merely the shadow of it. And if it be that the ignorant man pursues a shadow, deeming it a reality, shall he not in his silliness mock at him who asserts that what he looks at is best to be seen by turning the face in an opposite direction? Therefore it is that the "essential Form," which, when apprehended, is found to be the essence of the shadow, "the source of all that is bright and beautiful in the visible world, giving birth to light and its master, and in the intellectual world dispensing, immediately and with full authority, truth and reason, and that whoever would act wisely, either in private or public life, must set this Form of Good before his eyes." It is that this form of good being seen by the philosopher to be a common good—the good of the sun, the good of the air, the good of the water, the summum bonum, God—it is impossible that he should not but understand those distorted shadows which so mislead ordinary men and

which lose to the selfish the true form as they so avariciously follow after, and grasp at, the reflection!

—Yet may the true good not be secured by men save through that which is understood as sacrifice. Diogenes goes into the Theatre when all others are coming out, and this he has been doing all his life, for is there not a profounder lesson in the silence than in the pantomime? but who may catch the lesson of a darkened playhouse save him who is a philosopher?

What shall be the ruling of Salinator? and whereof but of evil shall be the laws of Albinus? Do not these, having come to the season of old age, present alone but fruitless branches? Yet were not these the Consuls who in their actions commended luxury as the end of living and of being?

—But Cato is a philosopher, for now that he too has come to hoary locks, does he not declare that such are the pleasures of the estate that though like Æson he might be restored to youth by Medea's enchanted cauldron, yet would he much the rather remain in his relations just where he is and what he is?

Youth restrained is Youth fettered; Youth fettered is Old age unbound. Who so virtuous as Cyrus? Who so eternal in his freshness as the Kaianian prince?—And is that course the wiser which brings the age of Salinator to desolation, or which, on the other side, converts the death-day of Cyrus into what is hailed as a birthday, inasmuch as in the life lived by the latter the persuasion comes of itself that the soul properly enjoys only when it is free from that which, in his ignorance, Salinator knows of alone as all that constitutes life? It is then that the law of Cyrus must differ

from that of Salinator ; the life of Cato will not be the living of his brother Consul. Which shall the youths Scipio and Lælius choose? And in what law will a man who has attained to wisdom elect to live?

What shall that law profit which affords all license yet secures not to a man "things good"? What is it to know "everything else perfectly, yet to be ignorant of the essential Form"? It profits a man nothing; just as it is found equally profitless to possess everything save "what is good." Is not then the stupid to be led by the wise man, and his face to be turned by him to that good which, in pursuing the shadow, he departs from? Shall Youth, ignorant of the "essential Form," be suffered to abide in paths which lead to a quick and to a cheerless old age?

What say the golden verses of Pythagoras?

" Nightly forbear to close thine eyes to rest,  
Ere thou hast question'd well thy conscious breast,  
What sacred duty thou hast left undone,  
What act committed which thou ought'st to shun.  
And as fair truth, or error, marks the deed,  
Let sweet applause, or sharp reproach, succeed.  
So shall thy steps, while this great rule is thine,  
Undevious tread in virtue's path divine."

Elvira interrupts, to ask if this excursion with Plato is designed to be of relation with the subject of education, on which we were discoursing.

Truly, for it is the pith of it. He who would indoctrinate a son into grand living must first indoctrinate him into philosophy ; and to what better master shall he direct him than to the Sage whose volumes hold the inspirations of Socrates?

"But," said Lysias, looking towards his ancients,

"my bookseller tells me that Plato lies covered with dust on the top shelf of his store, and that Aristotle is laid away in the garret."

Not a doubt but what he told you truly. The man of to-day has come to prefer the ragged semblance of money to pure gold, nickel takes the place of silver.

To be a philosopher is to be above the cares and anxieties which environ ordinary men ; is to be above deceit, above envy, above the vain pursuits in which little men fritter away their little lives ; is to be able to understand of the continuousness of beginning, and of the unending of end. Lysias is to study philosophy, for thus shall he have start where men of common culture end ; thus, like a ship of mighty strength, will he sail in equal safety over rude waves or upon glassy waters.

. . . . . "The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk !  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse ! Where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak, untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rivall'd greatness ?"

The elder Lysias, with some expression of perplexity showing on his countenance, refers to the lines put into the mouth of Xenophanes by Timon,—

"Oh that mine were the deep mind, prudent and looking to both sides !  
Long, alas ! have I strayed on the road of error, beguiled,  
And am now hoary of years, yet exposed to doubt and distraction  
Manifold, all-perplexing, for whithersoever I turn me  
I am lost."

Elvira looks inquiringly.

Even so it is, I said ; and confusion is found in Plato, and doubt in Aristotle, and fallacies many in Epictetus : but after all these comes one who is the key.

Christ ? asks the mother.

Christ, I answered ; but who and what is Christ to the man who knows not of a world without Christ ? A Savior, truly, and he can save man ; but the philosopher saves himself through Christ, for in this man he recognizes the fullest wisdom of the world ; ay, recognizes in him demonstration,—the great riddle solved,—philosophy at fruition,—the study completed. Our Lysias shall be made in brain as well as soul that truest of true things—a Christian.

“ But men are Christians without being philosophers.”

Empty vessels ; vessels without ballast ; blown over by every wind of doctrine because of the absence of that which holds up. Nothing different from a parrot in Christianity is an unlearned man ; he cries Christ, Christ, and cries it glibly enough, but what can he know—except apprehensively—of the God which spake from the mouth of a carpenter’s son ? What can he know of that which leaves no question to be asked ? for of the questions which confounded and baffled human observation he knows nothing.

“ And what after philosophy has been attained to ? ” asks the mother.

Nothing, as parents direct. The rest will be done by the God that has been correlated into our boy. With language and philosophy indoctrination becomes completed ; the truer teacher will be found come into the seat of the master.

## XVI.

### DEATH IN THE HOUSE.

**A**NOTHER change ; one most unexpected. A draping of black crape hangs from the bell-pull. Death is in the house.

In a chamber which over-officious hands have made dark and ghostly-looking through the closing of shutters and drawing of curtains,—the same room which was furnished so warmly and lighted so brilliantly for the welcome of her who now lies dead in it,—Lysias sits, his arm resting against the edge of a coffin, his tears dropping one by one over a white clayey face. I put my arm over his shoulder, but with a gentle motion he pushes it away. “It is the last,” he says ; “pray let me alone ; to-morrow the greatest of the acts of life will have ended, the curtain will fall on a funeral.”

I offered words of sympathy.

“Never mind them,” he said. “I have thought of everything, and am not unprepared. What I endure to-day you will suffer to-morrow ; it is a cup of which all must drink. There is nothing with which to find fault.”——But the tears ceased not to fall on the dead face.

Come, I said, being unwilling to leave him, let us

look at change as we have studied and understand it. For what are the tears? For her who lies, or for him who sits?

I shall never cease to remember the manner in which he looked at me.

“You have not lost.” That was all he said.

At this moment the younger Lysias entered the room. How will he take it? I asked myself. What does untaught youth think of death?

The boy, without a word spoken, threw his arms around the neck of the father. After a long crying-spell he raised his head from the place where it had been resting, and said, inquiringly, “Mother has gone to heaven?”

The elder looked directly into my eyes.

Yes, gone to heaven, I said. Your mother was a very good and happy woman, Lysias.

“The happiest and the best,” the boy answered, his voice half choked by his sobs.

And her happiness, I said, grew out of her virtues. What does your Bible tell you about good people?

“That they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven,” he quickly replied.

You believe the Bible?

“Does any one doubt it?” he asked.

No sensible person living in a Christian land, that I ever heard of, I answered.

“I will not cry any more,” the boy said. “It would be very selfish to cry after one who has been taken by God to live with him.”

It would show, I said, that the one who cries does not believe his Bible.



“Why then is father crying?” asked the boy.

—The answer made by the elder was a sigh as if the heart had been rent ; he laid his cheek against the dead face, while his hand toyed convulsively with the cold one that lay in the coffin. “Oh, take him away,” he cried, “take him away. I have left to me neither religion nor philosophy. Nor do I want either ; give me back my dead. I want this, nothing else.”

I told the boy to go out and to see if he could not discover a face that looked like that of his mother’s among the beautiful sun-tinted clouds.

“Is she there?” he asked, his innocent countenance brightening with anticipation.

“As surely as God is,” I replied.

I left the father to an indulgence of his grief, while through a window, the shutters of which I had thrown open, I watched the golden curls of the son as they fell over the shoulders from a head turned upwards to look after God and a mother.

Come, I said, turning back to Lysias, do we not know that there is no such thing as death ? Have we not long ago gone over all this ? Is what we here see anything else than the exchange of one thing for another ?

Lysias raised the cold head from its pillow in the coffin and clasped his arms about the neck. “Will you not let me be?” he cried ; “for God’s sake will you not let me be ?” Dropping his hold suddenly, he clutched me by the arm and, with a strength I did not think belonged to him, literally pushed me out of the chamber, the door of which he locked.

I sat down on an outside stoop and looked after the

boy, whose eyes were still scanning the heavens. Will it not hold? I asked myself. Is grief stronger than the senses? or even than faith?

All that day and all that night Lysias sat by the side of his dead; it was only when the hour for the funeral arrived that he could be prevailed on to leave his place.—They were passionate kisses that he bestowed on the lifeless lips; hot tears that he rained over the expressionless face. We could induce him to leave the coffin only after the lid had been screwed down, affording him thus the assurance that his own eyes should be the last to cast rays of love within it.

. . . I did not see my friend for a whole month. No persuasion, no entreaty, could draw him from the room to which he had retired immediately upon his return from the funeral.

—But when again we met, the old faith and the old confidence had come back.

You understand it? I said.

“I have trust,” he answered.

And you are not dismayed, I asked, at the idea of a separation that is eternal?

“What God does must be well,” he said.

But what, I asked, if all these teachings about correlation and transmigration be error? What if there be a resurrection of the real form and personality, and that, dying, we meet again?

The idea suggested was too much for the philosophy of Lysias; the memory of the loved one was too fresh; he threw himself into my arms weeping like a child. “Ah!” he cried, “what doctrine is like that? No wonder it overthrew all that went before; that it gains

ground daily with the people. Did I only believe it," he said, "I could sit down patiently and wait, sit down patiently and wait."

But you do not believe it?

"I do not comprehend how it can be, and yet correspond with what we know of nature's laws."

But it is apprehensible, I said.

The time had come for more walks and talks. This was the first of many since the departure of Elvira. I put his arm within my own.

"To her grave," he said.—And to her grave we went.

I was glad that we found the mound covered with the freshness that lives in young grass. Already, I said, already has the resurrection commenced. Lysias, with his face in reverential mood to the earth, had caught the perfume of a mignonette which some kind hand had brought there; the plant had fixed its rootlets firmly in the soil and was getting from it a lusty life. It is her breath, I said. Lysias understood. He pulled the flower from its stock and thrust it into his bosom. We sat down upon a neighboring stone. Already, I repeated, already life is abroad on its circle of duties and of pleasures. Already is matter reuniting with matter, force with force; already is the divine soul entering into new combinations for the furthering of the meaning of God.

"It is cold," Lysias said,—"cold, cold."

Yes, I replied, cold enough to the selfishness of individuality. But what is it to that which is above individuality?

"To what?" he asked.

To that something which so unites a good man with the Infinite that he looks upon the passions of life as upon dreams, and is as little disturbed when awakened out of the one as out of the other.

Lysias turned suddenly towards me; his eyes glared. "I believe," he said, "that in your veins flows a river of ice-cold blood." He was greatly excited; some sudden thought, perhaps.

I answered not a word.

"Not disturbed when awakened out of them!" he exclaimed. "Such a state is impossible; no man can arrive at it, nor need he wish to; the tie which holds me to this grave is worth to me more than the empires of the world could be."

My heart sympathized with him in the misery which was so overwhelming. But, I said, that which you have learned of God and his ways goes for nothing with you.

"Why?" he asked.

Because you are looking in a grave for something which is as much out of it as yourself. You are like the school-boy who tears into a cocoon expecting to find therein a butterfly, which at the very moment may be sunning its wings on the branch above his head. I thought, I said, that this had been fully understood by us.

The eyes of Lysias were full of tears. "The brain is not the heart," he replied.

I was going on to speak of change, when he raised his hand entreatingly. "Not now; to-morrow. Wait till to-morrow. Ah!" he continued, "I could not have believed philosophy to be so cheerless a comforter. I get nothing that will satisfy. I can only feel that I

have lost the dearest of my possessions ; the consciousness of this loss is always before me." He threw himself upon the grave. "My dear Chrysalis ! she is smothering here," he said.

Lifting him up, I led him out of the cemetery, and together we wended our way to the top of a neighboring hill from which we had often watched the going down of the sun ; it was just evening, and the orb was slowly sinking in the distant sea.

"It is a picture of human pleasures," he said. "My Sun is already under the water."

But what about the morrow ? I asked.

"I know no to-morrow," he answered.

But what about when the sun comes back ?

"It can put no light in my eyes," he said.

Listen, Lysias, I replied ; you talk and act as if nature, in the absence of the God, had made some great mistake. I am made not less ashamed of your knowledge than of your faith. Your individuality is being allowed such prominence that you are quite in danger of forgetting that man of himself is nothing. Would it not be more becoming, I suggested, that you consider how favored you have been in the possession for so long a time of the sweet thing you called wife, rather than give way to an inconsolable repining because the gift, being needed for other use, has been taken from you ?

Lysias moaned uneasily and turned towards the cemetery. "Poor thing !" he said ; "she lies there smothered in the ground."

Smothered ! I said : how smothered ? how can that smother which has no use for breath ?

"But do you not know," he replied, "that a grave

is a deep and a dark hole?" I think his mind wandered for the moment in which he spoke.

Come, I said, what do you think of an unborn child shut tight up in its caul? What of the appetite of a chrysalis for the leaf upon which it feasted while a caterpillar? What do you think of a fish living in comfort only when the water is between it and the atmosphere?

"True, true," he replied; "I am quite forgetful of the law of fitness."

So forgetful of it, I said, that you would feed a chrysalis on mulberry leaves.

"Poor Elvira! poor Elvira!" he muttered. "I can find her nowhere, even although I am looking everywhere."

It is for yourself you are grieving, I said, not for Elvira. To grieve for a thing gone is like mourning the fate of sap that finds itself converted into fruit, or of the egg which has come to be an air-flying bird, or of a bowed-down humanity that finds itself back into the God whence it came. Ignorant Lysias, the caterpillar exists, but it is a butterfly. Answer me still again: is a butterfly seen to go back to its old companions, the worms?

You have no answer. Well, perhaps your prescience can tell me of something else. Does the exquisite silver-winged flyer miss its old concomitant, the slime-footed crawler?

You do not know.

Well, you can at least answer me this. When worms and butterflies are separated, which is to do the grieving?

"Neither, I would say," he answered; "for it is never seen that the butterfly as it comes out of one end

of the cocoon goes round to the other to look after its old self, the caterpillar."

No; there is a new life, I replied. But I have still another question. Is not a butterfly found to form new affinities quickly enough?

"Quickly enough."

And what about the old worm life? does this go on as usual?

"It is undeniably a circle," he replied.

And worm and butterfly, I suggested, each in its way, has a life full in its day?

"Full," he admitted.

And each, in its way, possesses individuality, which individuality seems to be—while it lasts—the full and entire meaning of the life of the thing that possesses it?

"It is not to be denied," he replied.

Does a man, I asked, pity a butterfly because that it is an insect? or an eagle for the reason that it is a bird? Does he pity that thing which he calls an angel, seeing that an angel is neither man nor woman?\*

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\* In dwelling on the subject of these last few pages the author found it take such hold of him that he stopped just here and wrote the volume entitled "Two Thousand Years After, or a Talk in a Cemetery,"—a work lately published, treating of the meaning of man's immortality. In that book, he cannot but think, will be found developed the whole and true significance of a man's life. He certainly has yet met with no critic who has seemed to him able to weaken any of its arguments. His own whole present and future have long been anchored to that which is its meaning. Whether some storm shall eventually come that may drag this anchor he may not say; assuredly, nothing has as yet come. The teachings of the work correspond, he believes, word by word, with Revelation, yet do not attempt to dispute a single position assumed by Scientists. He cannot but think that whoever reads the book studiously will find himself con-

vinced that there cannot possibly be any conflict between Science and Biblical Theology, or between Common Sense and Religion.

The author would add a line to his note. In a review of this book which appeared in a prominent and influential Boston journal, occur the following words: "The views set forth by this volume will not find favor with Christians: they have none of the inducements to virtuous living—future rewards and punishments—which are supplied by a belief in the teachings of the Bible. This, of course, does not prove their inherent unsoundness." The writer disagrees with the critic. If anything that he has offered in the way of argument is found in conflict with the teachings of the Bible, he accepts that such arguments are invalidated and proved good for nothing. The book was written for, and designed to be read by, that constantly enlarging class of people who need to have their brains satisfied as well as their hearts. It is purely positivistic, and supplemental—from the scientific stand-point—of the account given by Moses of the creation and destiny of man. As regards the matters of future rewards and punishments, the ignoring of which is objected to by the reviewer, the author accepts, with Spinoza, that little regard is to be had for the religion of him whose service of his God is founded alone on such tenure. If men are incapable of being raised to any higher estimate of life and its meaning than this, then it would seem better to classify them at once with brutes and depend on the lash as the strength of a Government. The writer appends this note—recognizing its questionable taste—because he is unwilling to remain misunderstood in the sentiments of a volume which holds either the strength or weakness of the deductions drawn from the studies of his lifetime. If he could have any doubt of the inspirational character of the writings of the Scriptures, he certainly could have none of their superiority as a philosophical system; the best that has ever been devised for the guidance of men's lives.



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